DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 405 225 SO 022 129

TITLE	Social Studies: Level Two--Interaction. Resource Book = Araling Panlipunan: Ikalawang Antas--Pakikisalamuha. Hanguang Aklat.
INSTITUTION	Berkeley Unified School District, Calif. Asian American Bilingual Center.; California State Univ., Los Angeles. National Dissemination and Assessment Center.
SPONS AGENCY	Department of Education, Washington, DC.
PUB DATE	81
NOTE	126p.; For related documents in the series, see SO 022 126-135; for the corresponding teacher's guide, see SO 022 128.
PUB TYPE	Guides - Classroom Use - Teaching Guides (For Teacher) (052) -- Multilingual/Bilingual Materials (171)
LANGUAGE	English; Tagalog
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC06 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	Aesthetic Education; *Bilingual Education; *Cultural Interrelationships; Elementary Education; Filipino Americans; Grade 3; Grade 4; Instructional Materials; Learning Activities; Resource Materials; Tagalog

ABSTRACT

This Pilipino resource book contains 15 open-ended stories and numerous drawings about the theme and interaction that pertain to a social studies curriculum for grades three and four developed by the Asian American Bilingual Center. The Center is a project of the Berkeley, California Unified School District and California State University. The book accompanies a teacher's guide. (SG)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

ED 405 225

INTERACTION
PAKIKISALAMUHA

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Office of Educational Research and Improvement
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)
X This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it
☐ Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality
• Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official OERI position or policy

Resource Book

HANGUANG AKLAT

Social Studies
ARALING PANLIPUNAN

SO 022 129

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Asian American Bilingual Center

CLEAR MATERIALS LIBRARY

INTERACTION
PAKIKISALAMUHA

Social Studies

ARALING PANLIPUNAN

Resource Book

HANGUANG AKLAT

Asian American Bilingual Center

EVALUATION, DISSEMINATION AND ASSESSMENT CENTER

This publication was supported in whole or part by the U.S. Department of Education, but any opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect department policy, and no official endorsement by the department should be inferred.

© 1981 Berkeley Unified School District

AN EDAC-LA PUBLICATION

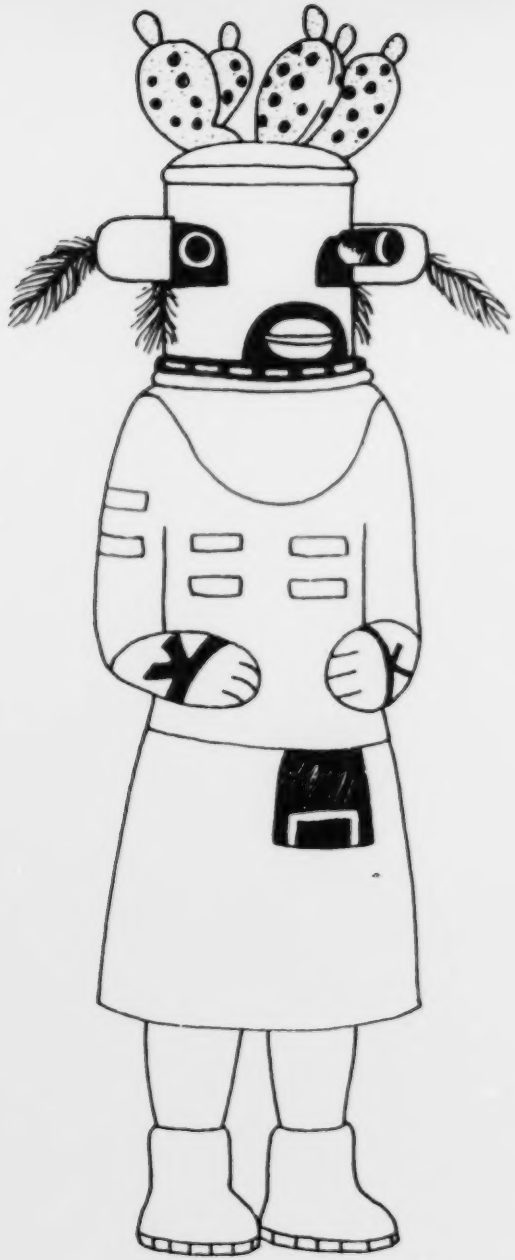
Published and distributed by
Evaluation, Dissemination and
Assessment Center
California State University, Los Angeles
Los Angeles, CA 90032

KAKTUS-HOPI

ANG KACHINANG ITO AY ISA SA MARAMI NA KUMAKATAWAN SA MGA HAYOP AT MGA HALAMAN NA KARANIWANG MATATAGPUAN SA TIMOG-KANLURAN.

HOPI CACTUS

THIS KACHINA IS ONE OF MANY THAT REPRESENT ANIMALS AND PLANTS COMMONLY FOUND IN THE SOUTHWEST.



MALIIT NA BATHALANG APOY

ANG KACHINANG ITO ANG KUMAKATAWAN SA ISA SA MGA TANGING KAPANGYARIHAN NA TUMUTULONG SA TAO.

LITTLE FIRE GOD

THIS IS ONE OF SEVERAL KACHINAS THAT REPRESENT SPECIAL POWERS THAT AID PEOPLE.

ANG KAMBING-BUNDOK

ANG KACHINANG ITO ANG KUMAKATAWAN SA DIWA NG KAMBING-BUNDOK. SUMASAYAW NA MAG-ISA O PANGKAT-PANGKAT.

MOUNTAIN GOAT

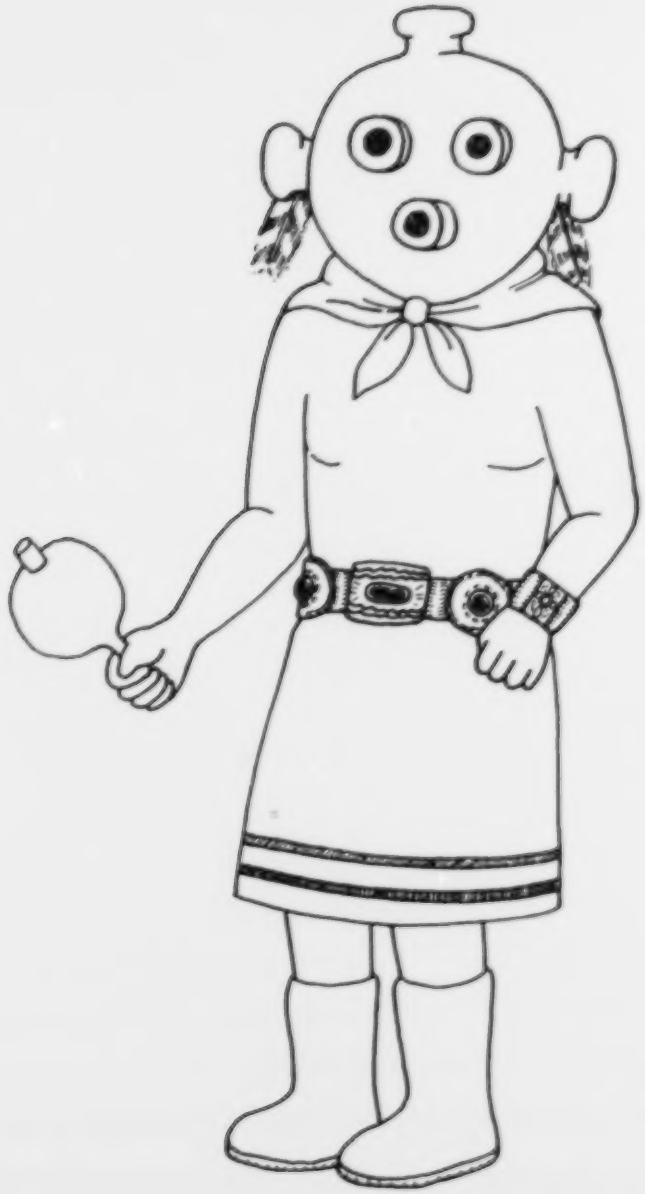
THIS KACHINA REPRESENTS THE MOUNTAIN GOAT'S SPIRIT. IT DANCES ALONE AND IN GROUPS.

ULONG-PUTIK

DINADALA NG ULONG-PUTIK ANG BATANG ULONG-PUTIK SA KANYANG LIKOD. ANG ULONG-PUTIK ANG NAGSISILBING MASAYANG PAYASO O MANANAMBOL SA PANAHON NG SAYAWAN.

MUDHEAD

THE MUDHEAD CARRIES A MUDHEAD CHILD ON ITS BACK. THE MUDHEAD ACTS AS A HAPPY CLOWN OR DRUMMER DURING THE DANCE.



MANDIRIGMA NG ZUNI

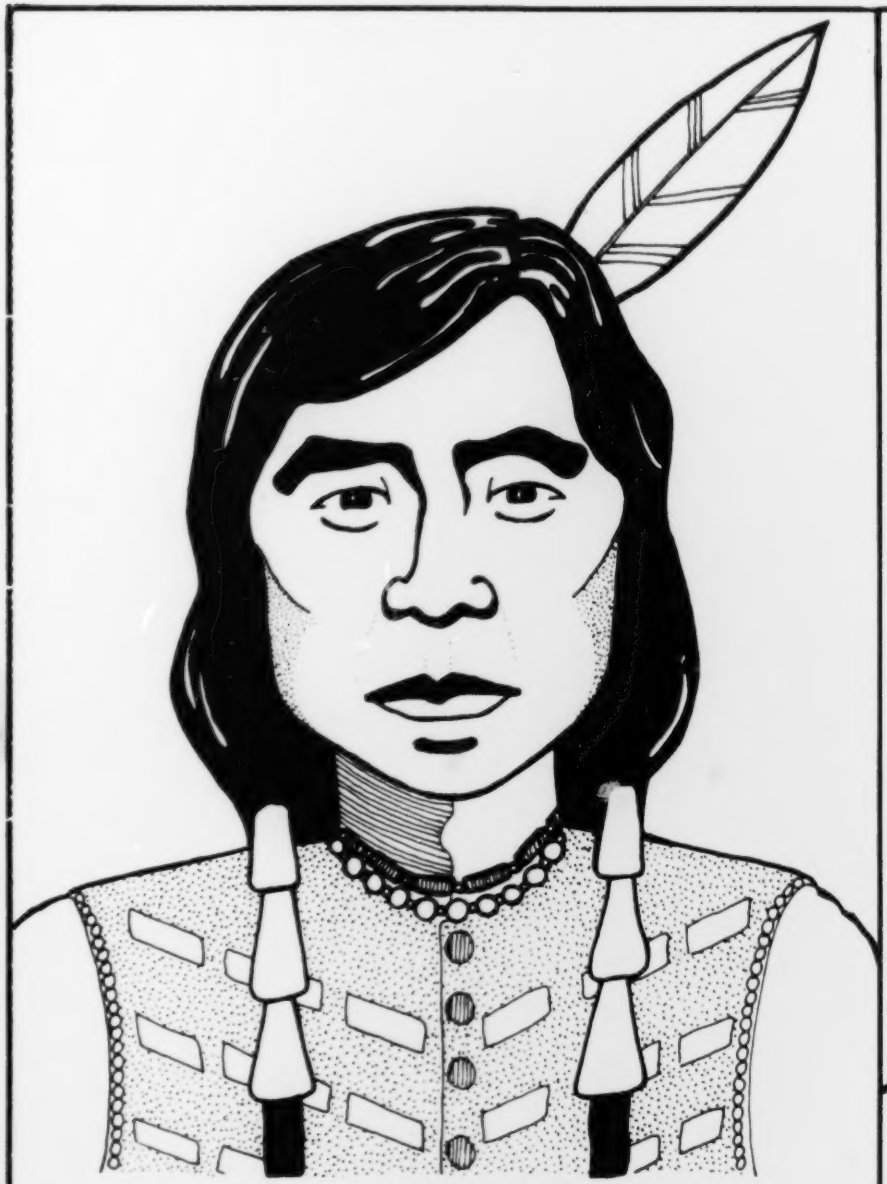
ANG MGA KACHINANG MANDIRIGMA NG ZUNI AY PARES-PARES. MAY HAWAK SILANG MGA LATIGO NA GAWA SA HALAMANG YUCCA. ANG MGA MANDIRIGMA ANG PUMIPIGIL SA MGA NAGMAMASID SA PAGLAPIT SA IBA PANG MGA MANANAYAW.

ZUNI WARRIOR

ZUNI WARRIOR KACHINA APPEAR IN PAIRS. THEY CARRY WHIPS MADE FROM THE YUCCA PLANT. THE WARRIORS KEEP OBSERVERS FROM COMING TOO CLOSE TO THE OTHER DANCERS.

MGA TAO SA KASAYSAYAN
PEOPLE IN HISTORY

Seiji Ozawa

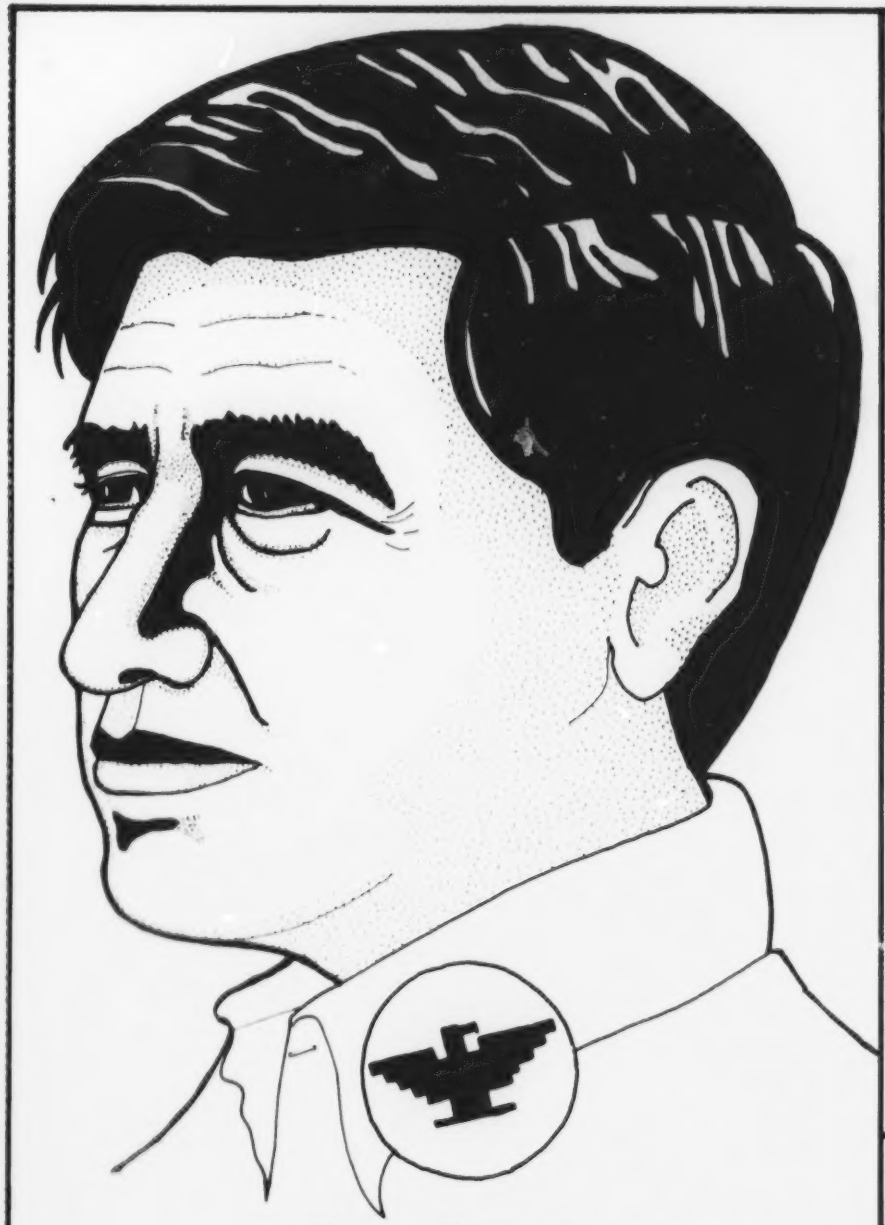


Crazy Horse

22

Sojourner Truth

23



Cesar Chavez

Eleanor Roosevelt

Save the Whales!

Second Annual
ASIAN/PACIFIC AMERICAN HERITAGE FESTIVAL

FRIDAY, MAY 2: Photo Exhibit Opening, First Level Foyer Gallery Public Reception, 5:30-9:00 p.m.
Special Event: Felicia Lowe's Documentary, **China, Land of My Father,** 7:00 p.m., James Moore Theatre

SATURDAY, MAY 3, SUNDAY, MAY 4, FRIDAY, MAY 9:
Performing Arts Program, James Moore Theatre 7:30-10:00 p.m. Admission: $3

SUNDAY, MAY 4: Outdoor Festival/Performing Arts James Moore Theatre, Museum Garden, Noon-6:00 p.m.

THE OAKLAND MUSEUM 1000 OAK STREET OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Sponsored by The Asian Program Committee. Cultural & Ethnic Affairs Guild, Oakland Museum Association

雙重語文教育

이중언어교육

バイリンガル教育

PATURUANG DALWIKA

A'OA'OGA I GAGANA E LUA

BILINGUAL EDUCATION

EQUAL QUALITY EDUCATION FOR ASIAN AMERICAN CHILDREN

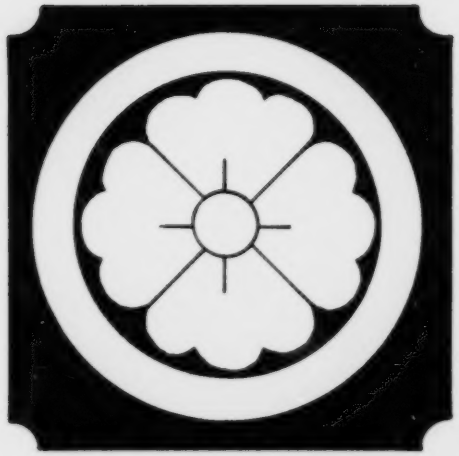
ASIAN AMERICAN BILINGUAL CENTER

2168 SHATTUCK AVENUE, BERKELEY CA 94704

Berkeley Unified School District

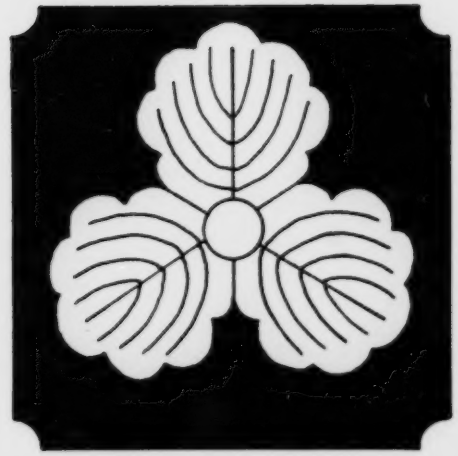
National Network of Bilingual Education Centers

MGA SAGISAG NG PAMILYA
FAMILY CRESTS

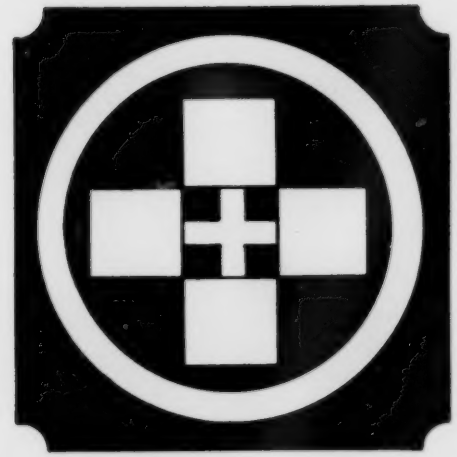


HANABISHI

30



KASHIWA

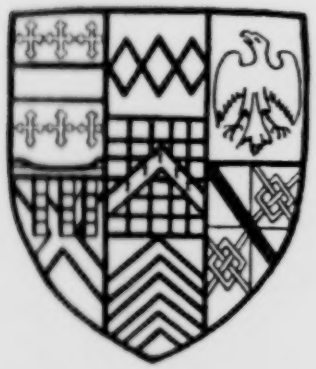


CHIGIRI

31

MGA ESKUDO
COATS OF ARMS

Arms of Clare in stained glass in Salisbury Cathedral, showing lead joints, c. 1280.

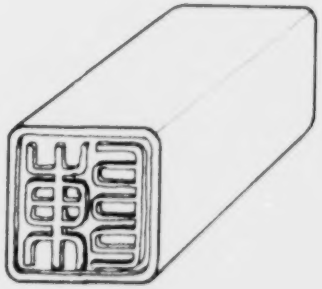


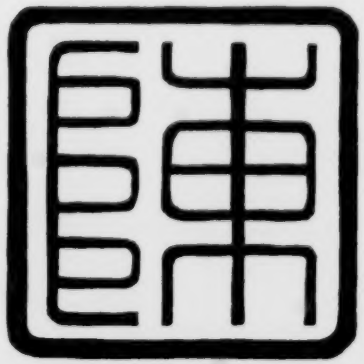
Arms of Warwick the King Maker, 1470. Window in the Hall of John Halle, Salisbury, showing quarterings of Beauchamp, Neville, Montagu, Newburgh, Clare, Monthermer, and Despenser.

Arms of Lord Crook of Carshalton: Granted 1947

MGA LAGDANG TATAK
SIGNATURE SEALS

CHINESE

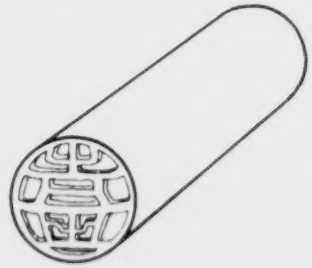




"CHAN"

34

JAPANESE



"YOSHIDA"

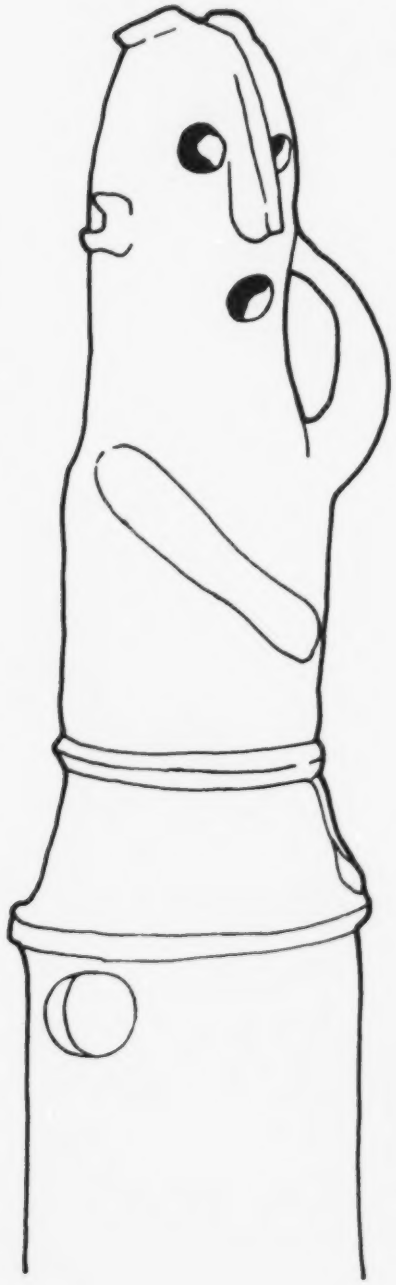
35

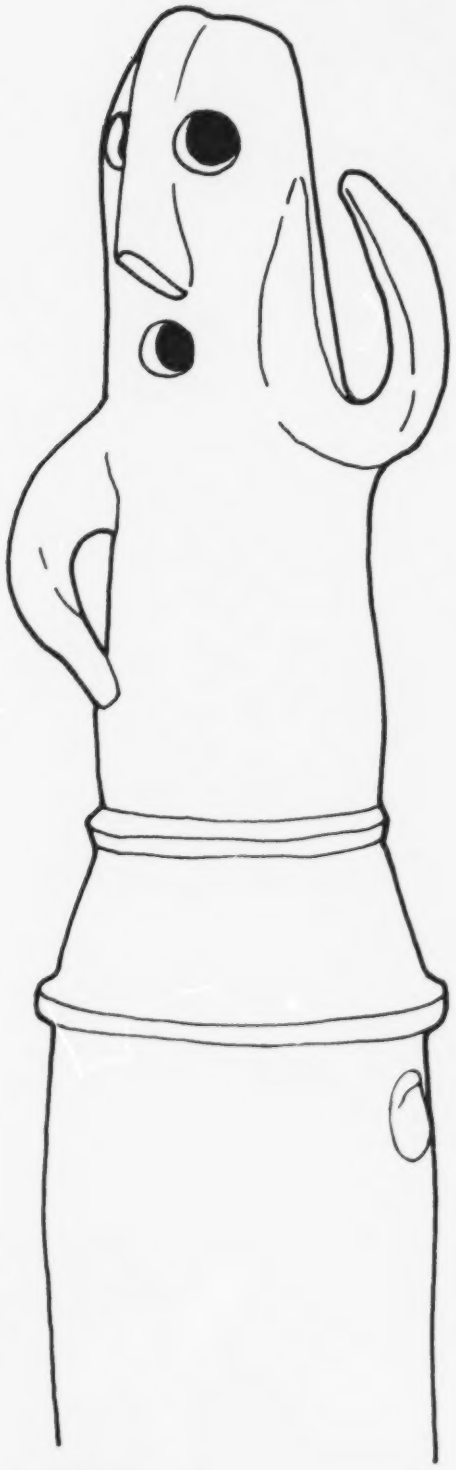
HANIWA

MANDIRIGMA **WARRIOR**

16

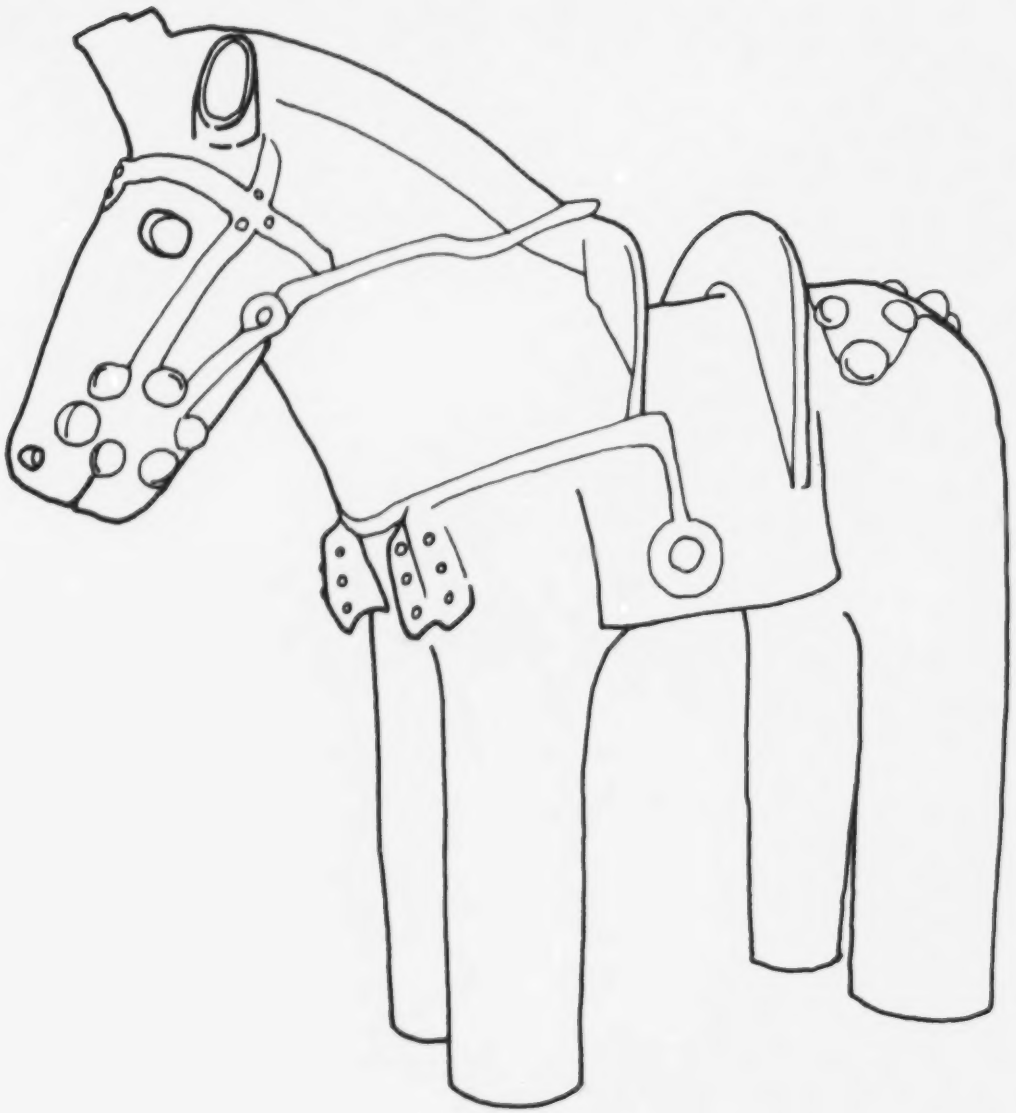
HANIWA





MGA MANANAYAW **DANCERS**

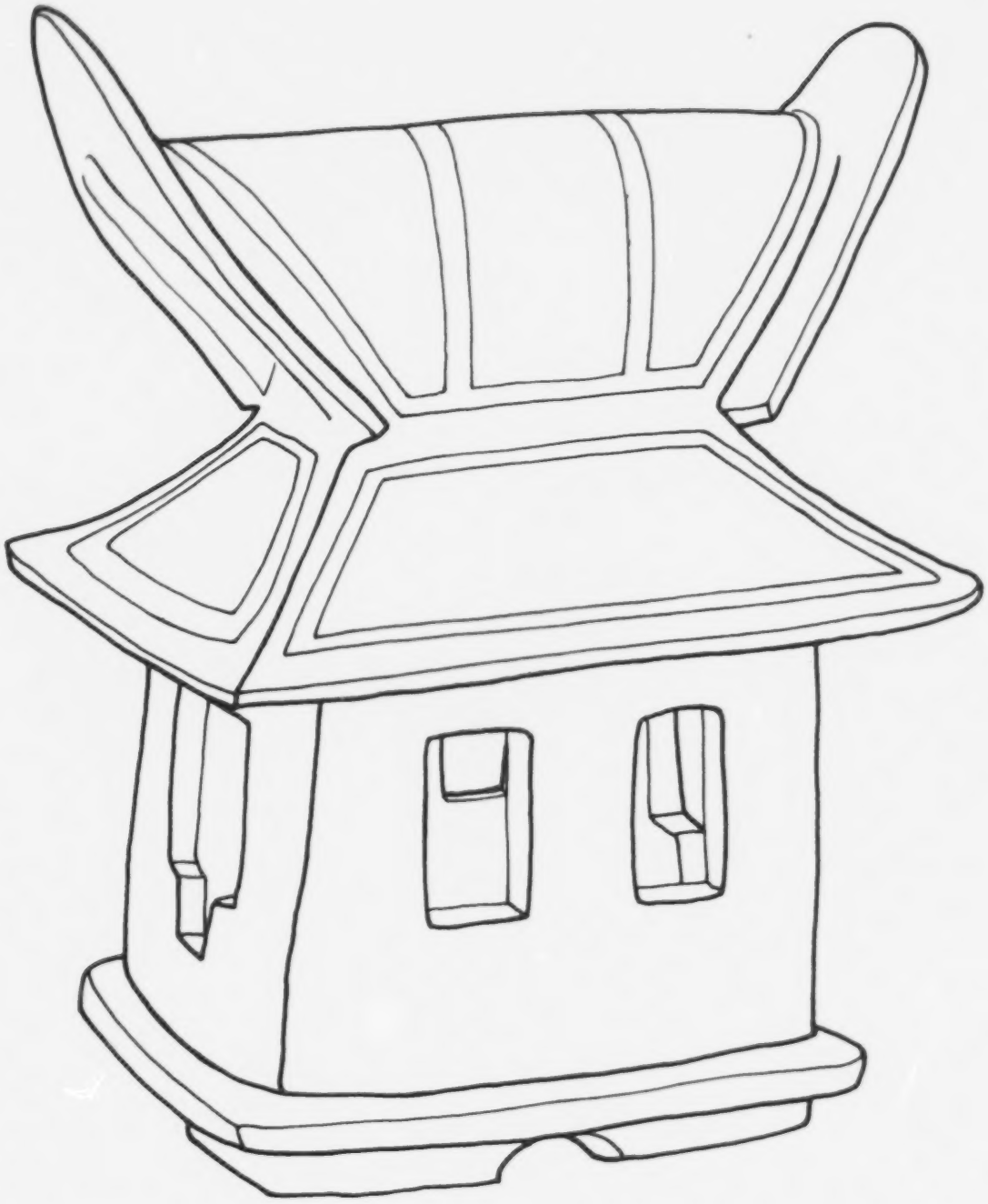
HANIWA



KABAYO **HORSE**

38

HANIWA



61

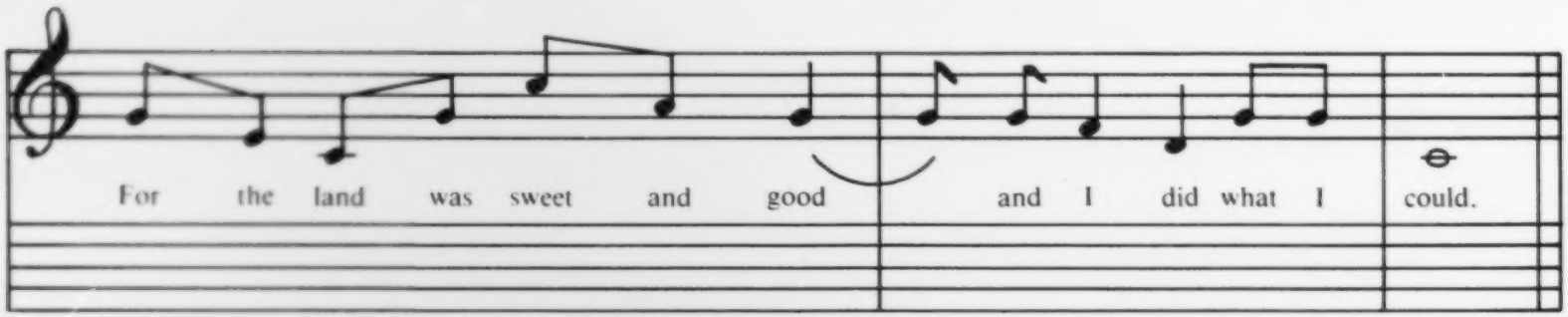
BAHAY **HOUSE**

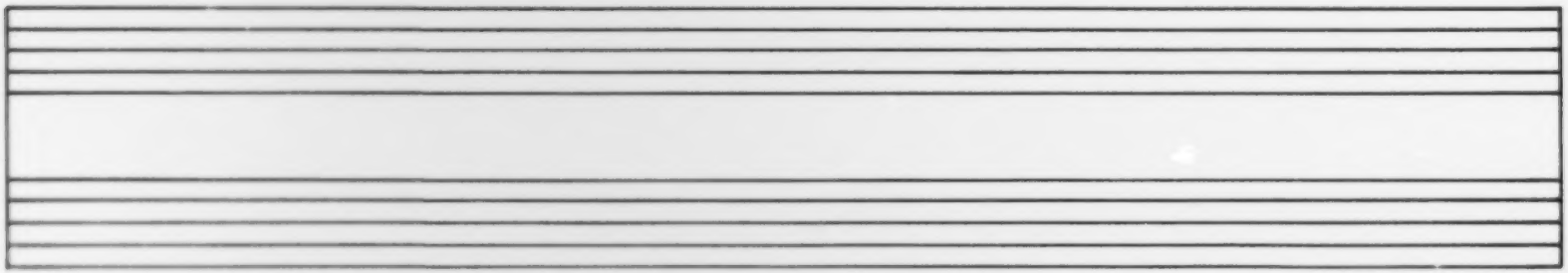
HANIWA

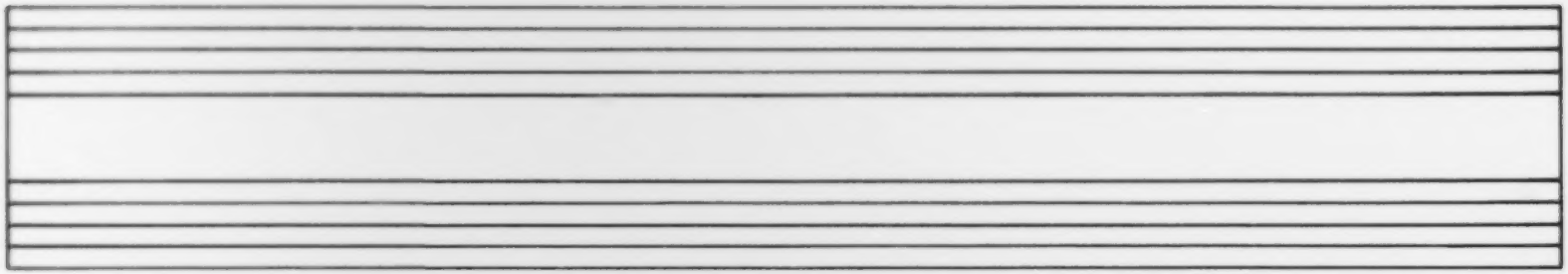
MANUNUGTOG MUSICIAN

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

41 42







43

44

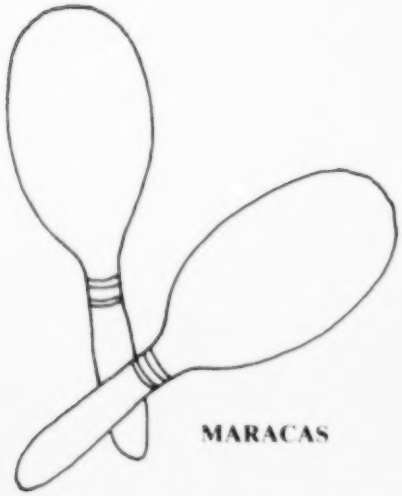
KAERU NO UTA (Frog Song)

Translation: Hey! I'm beginning to hear the song of the frogs "Gua, gua, gua, gua, gege gege gege gege gua gua gua."

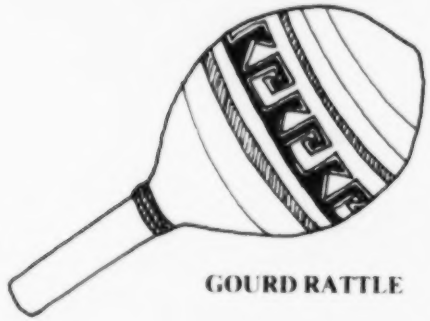
45

46

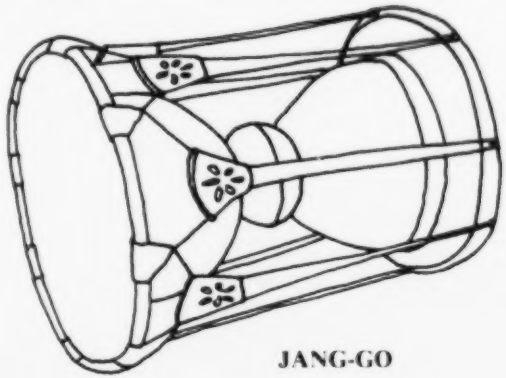
MGA TAPIKING PANUTOG
PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS



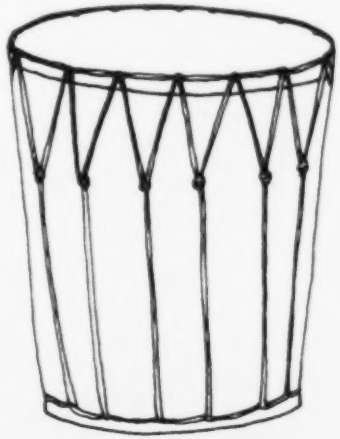
MARACAS



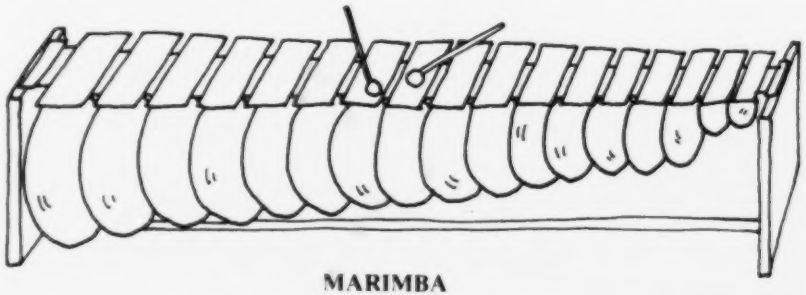
GOURD RATTLE



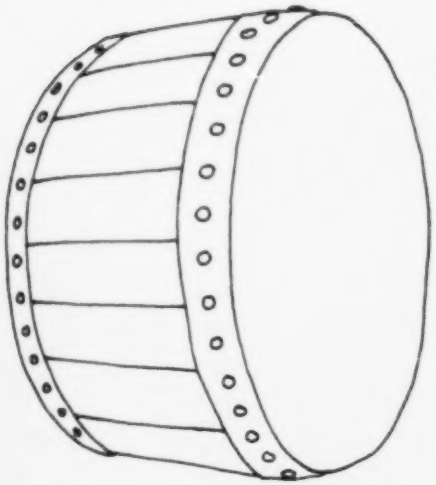
JANG-GO



RAWHIDE TOMTOM



MARIMBA



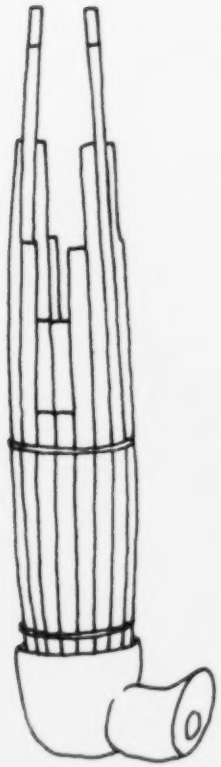
TAIKO

KULINTANG

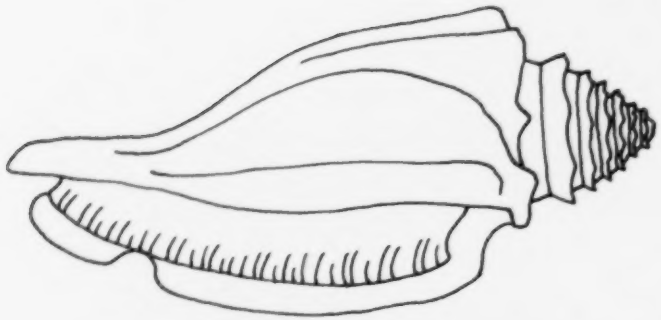
47

48

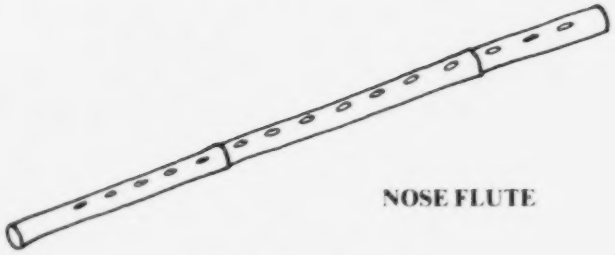
MGA IHIPANG PANUTOG
WIND INSTRUMENTS



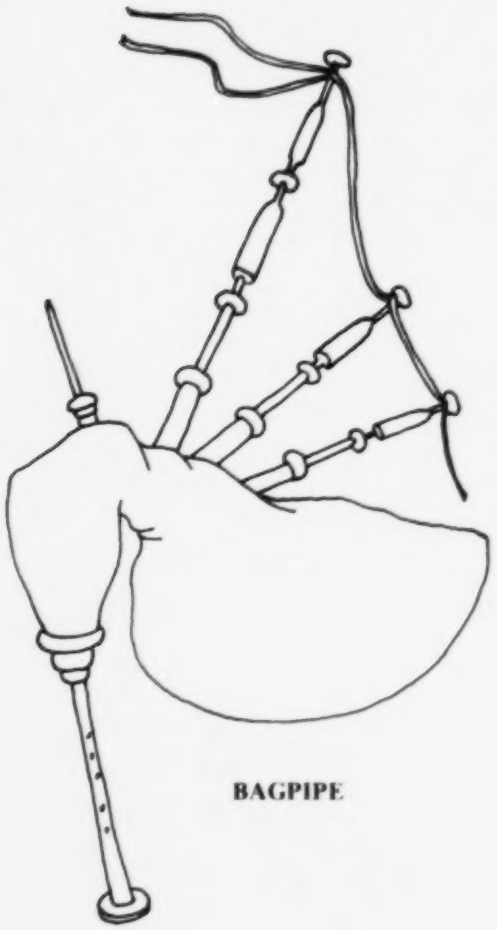
SHENG



CONCH

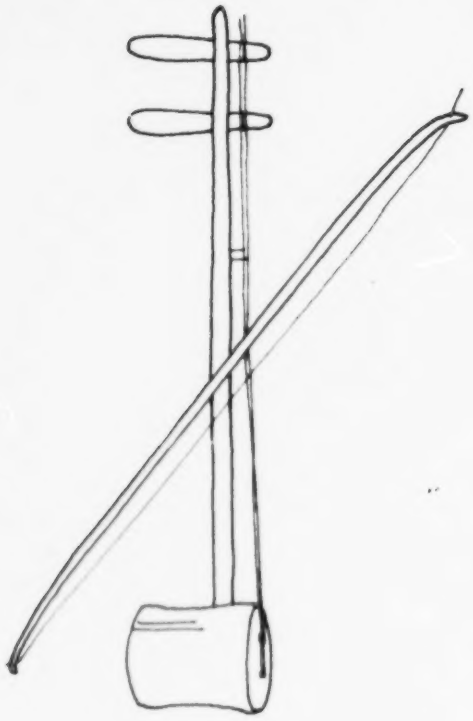


NOSE FLUTE



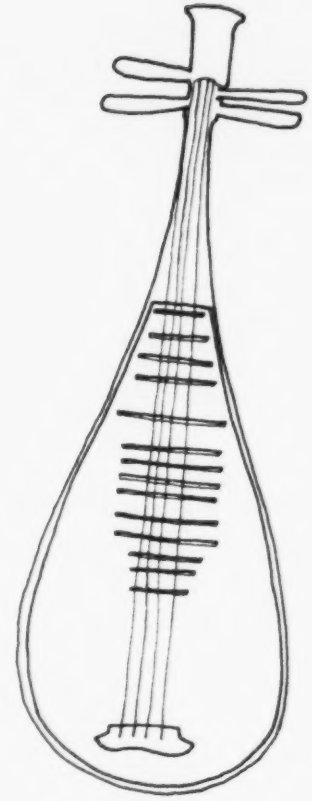
BAGPIPE

MGA BAGTINGING PANUTOG
STRING INSTRUMENTS

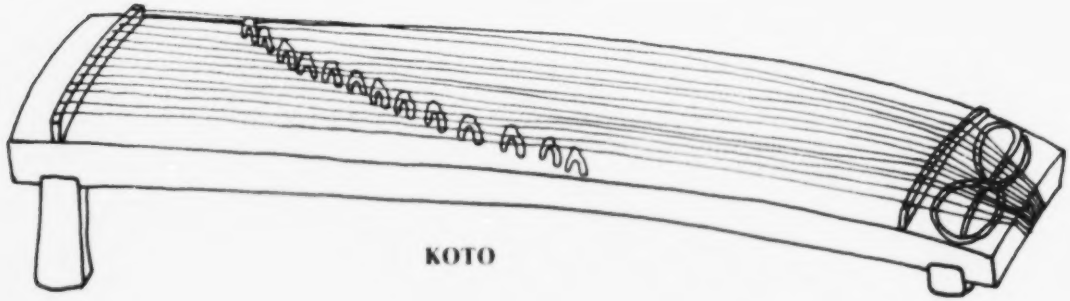


HU-CH'IN

SALURAY



PI-PA

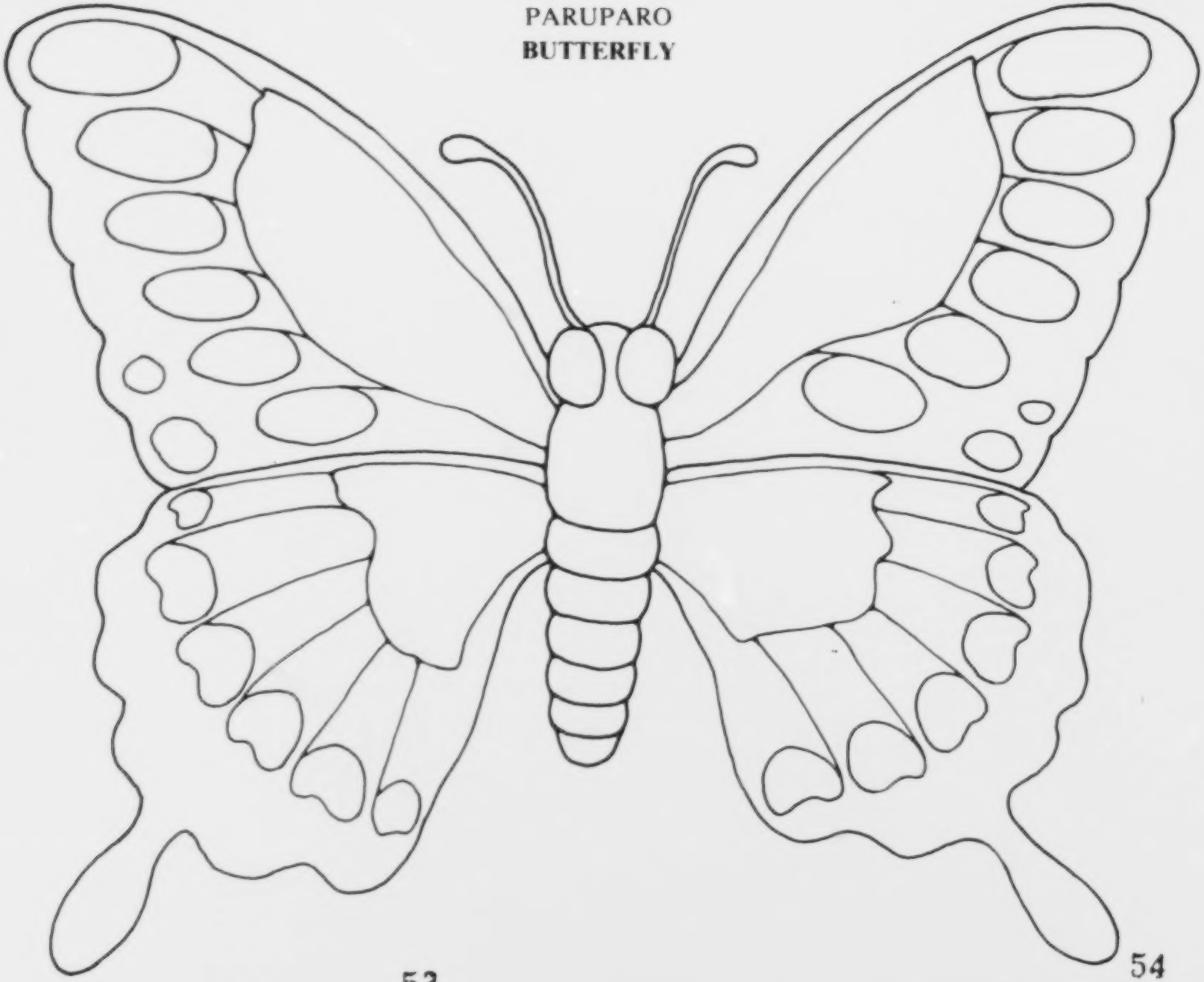


KOTO

51

52

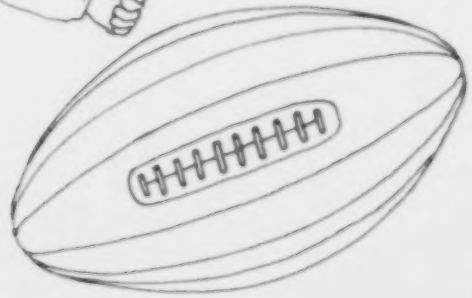
PARUPARO
BUTTERFLY

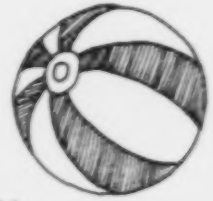


53

54

AMERICAN
FOOTBALL



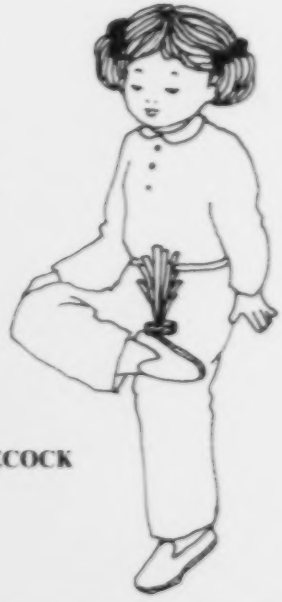


JAPANESE
WAX PAPER BALL

FILIPINO SIPA BALL

EUROPEAN SOCCER BALL

CHINESE SHUTTLECOCK



NATIVE AMERICAN
"SKOOKUM" DOLL

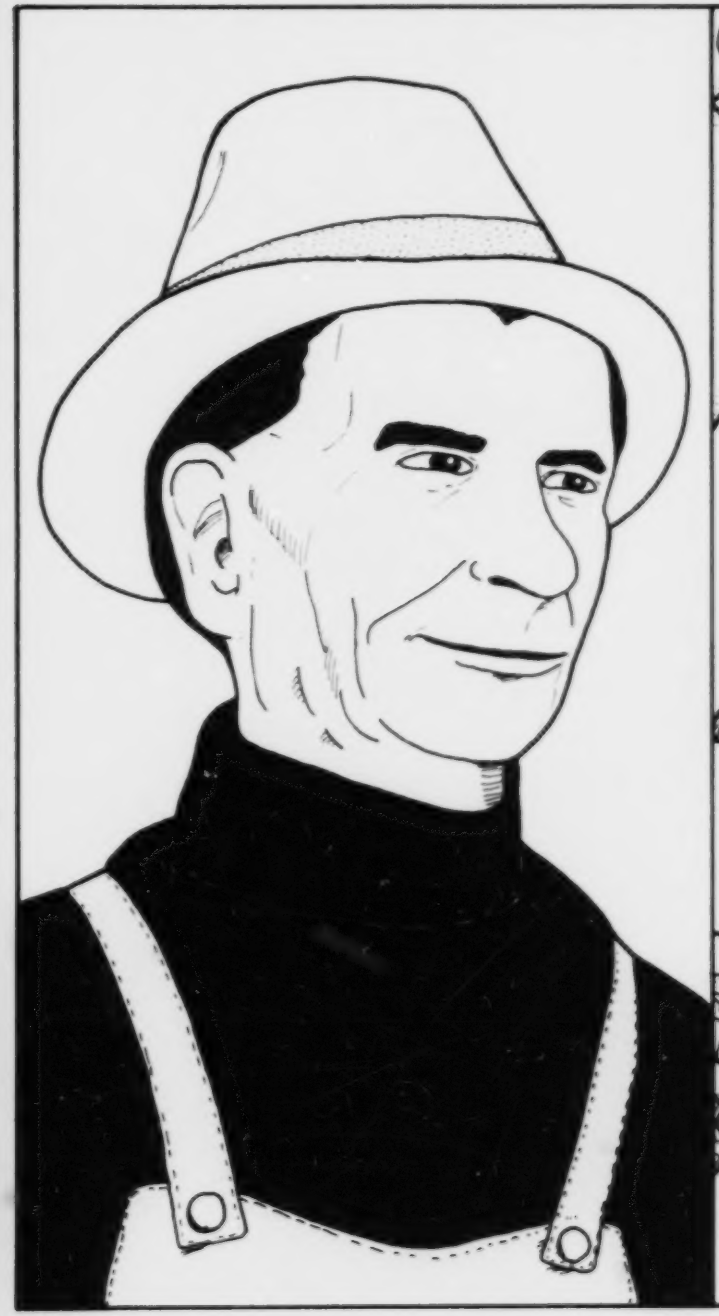
EUROPEAN DOLL

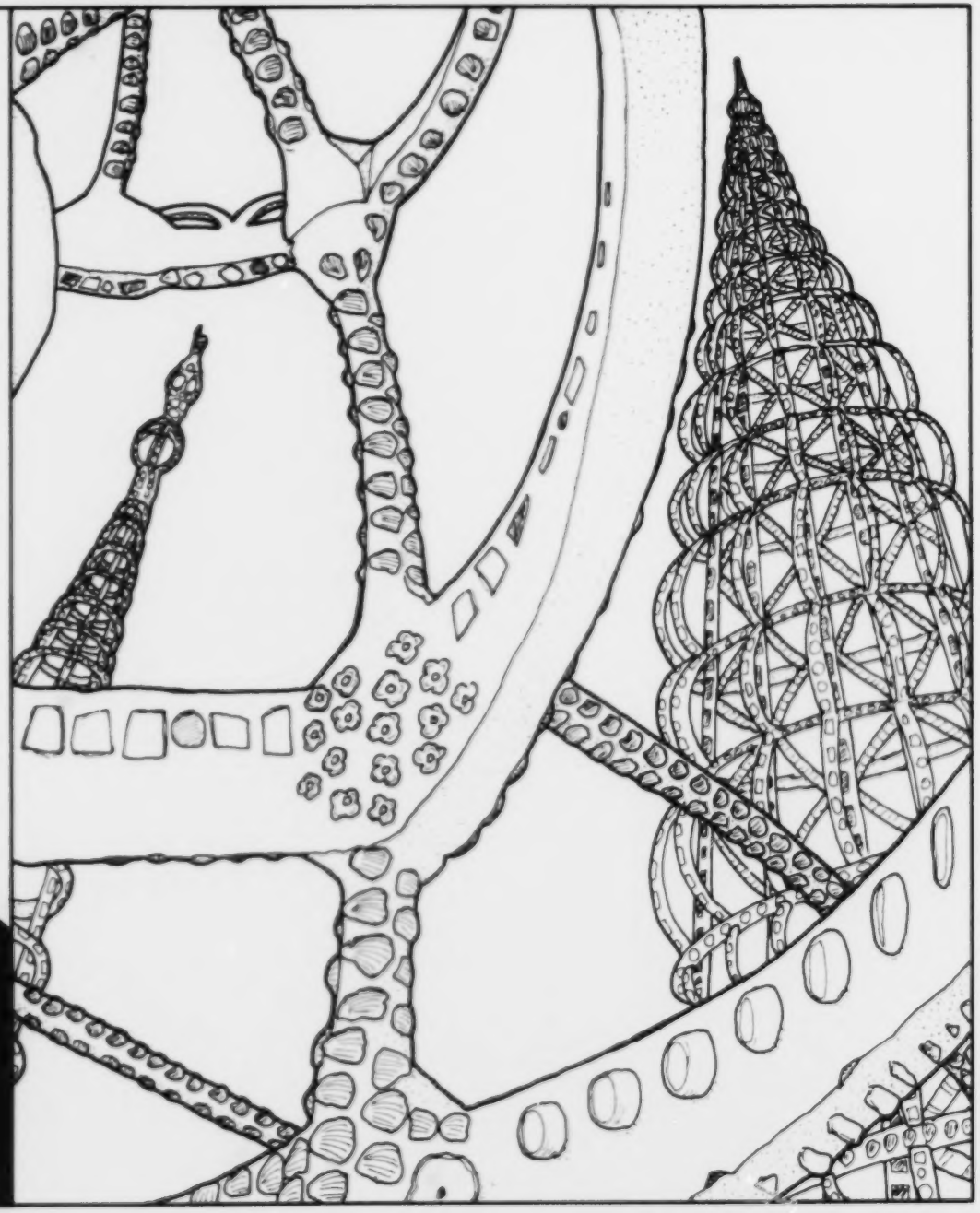
AMERICAN RAGGEDY ANN
AND ANDY DOLLS

CHINESE DOLL

57

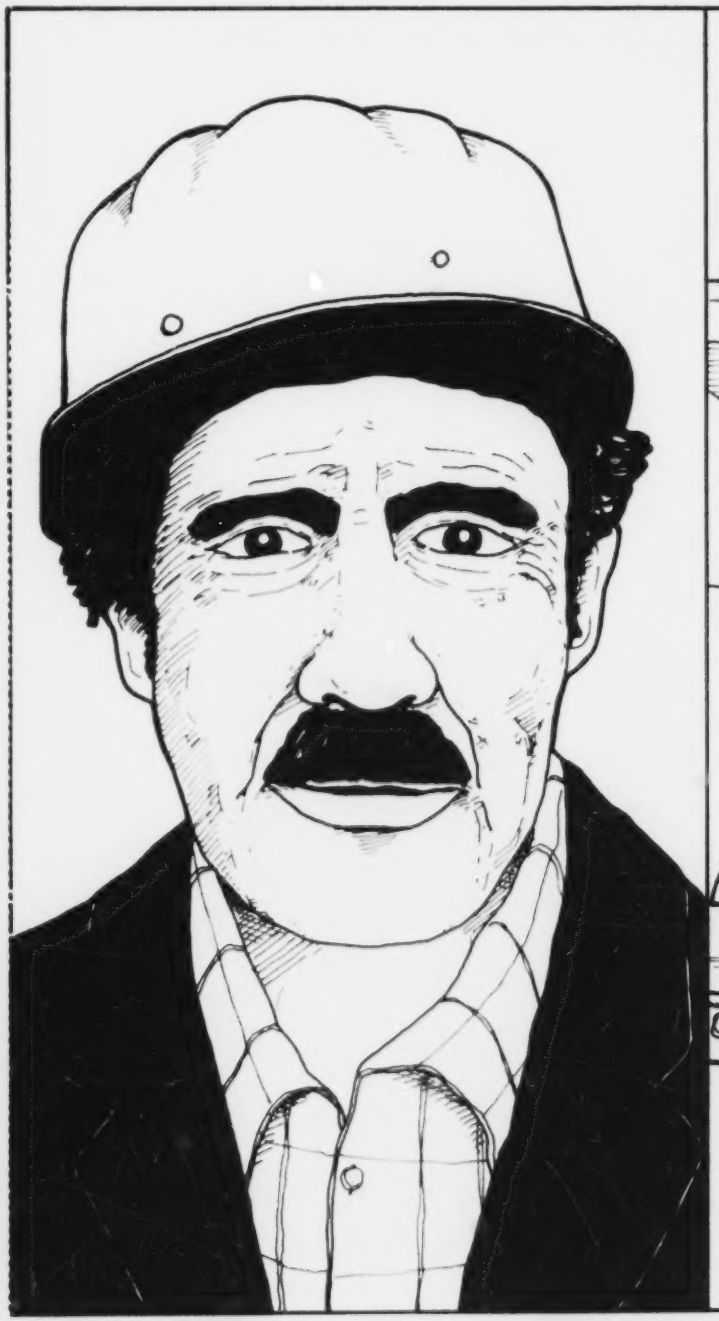
58



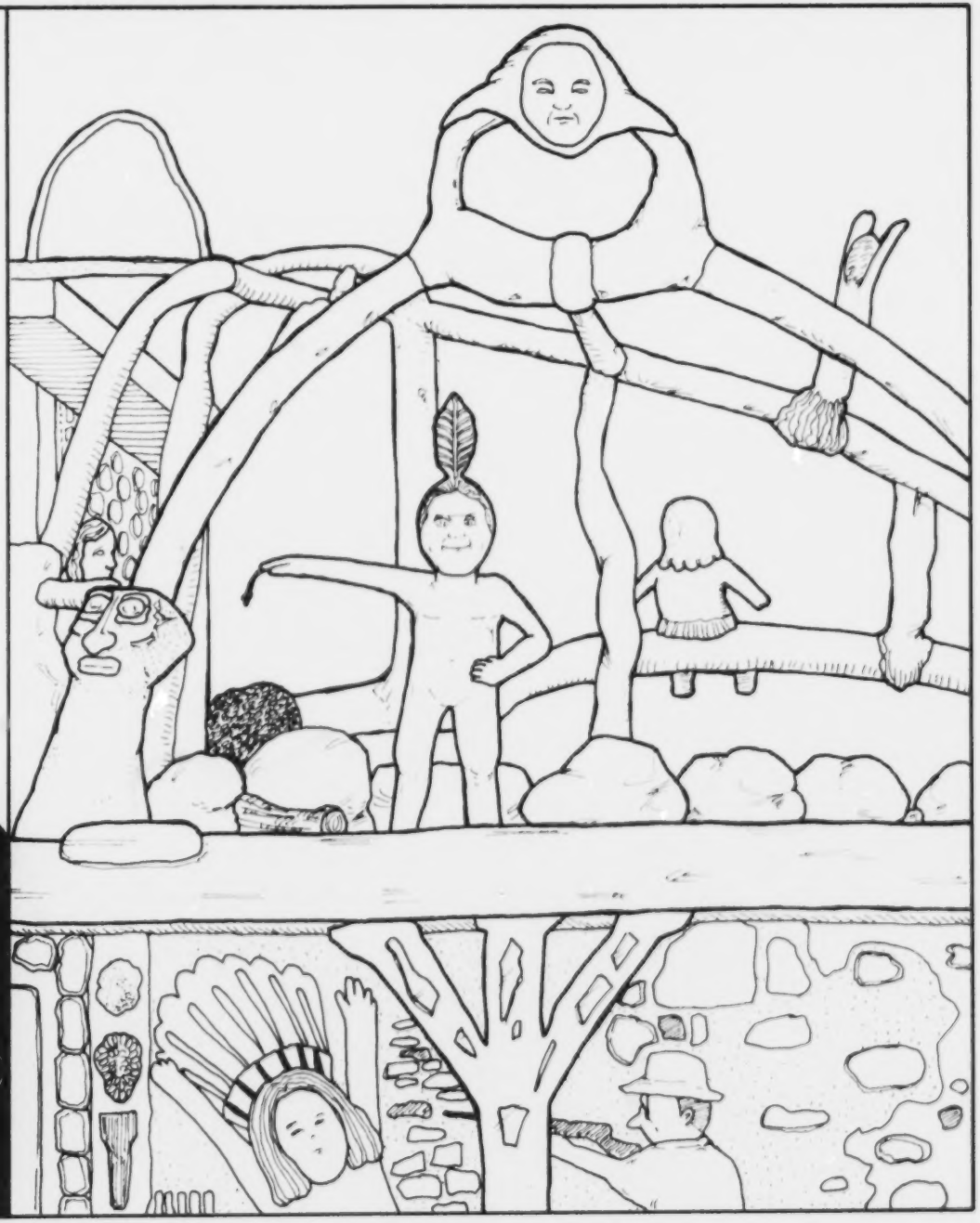


59

60

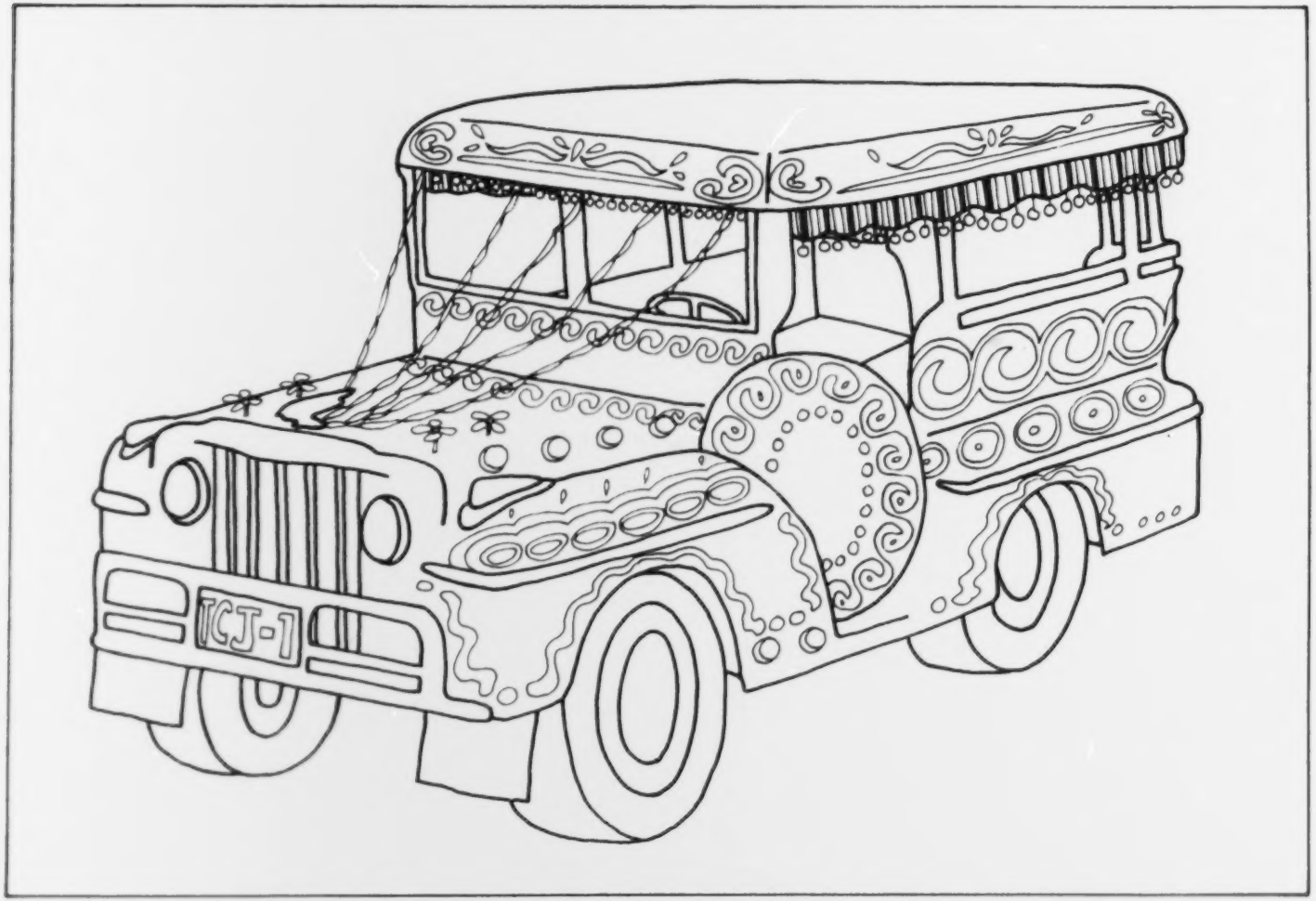


61



62

SINING NG TRANSPORTASYON
TRANSPORTATION ART

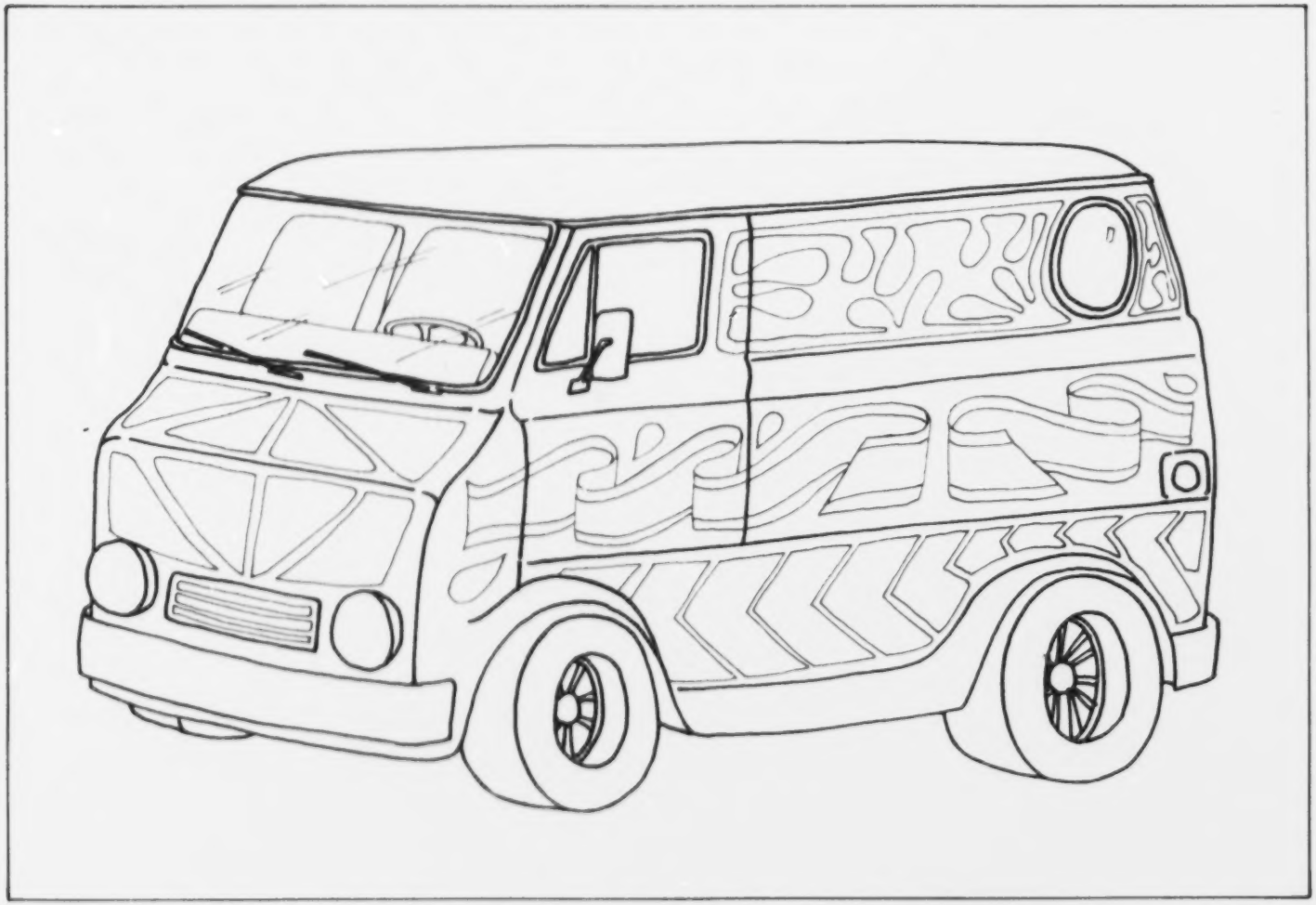


JEEPNEY

64

63

SINING NG TRANSPORTASYON
TRANSPORTATION ART

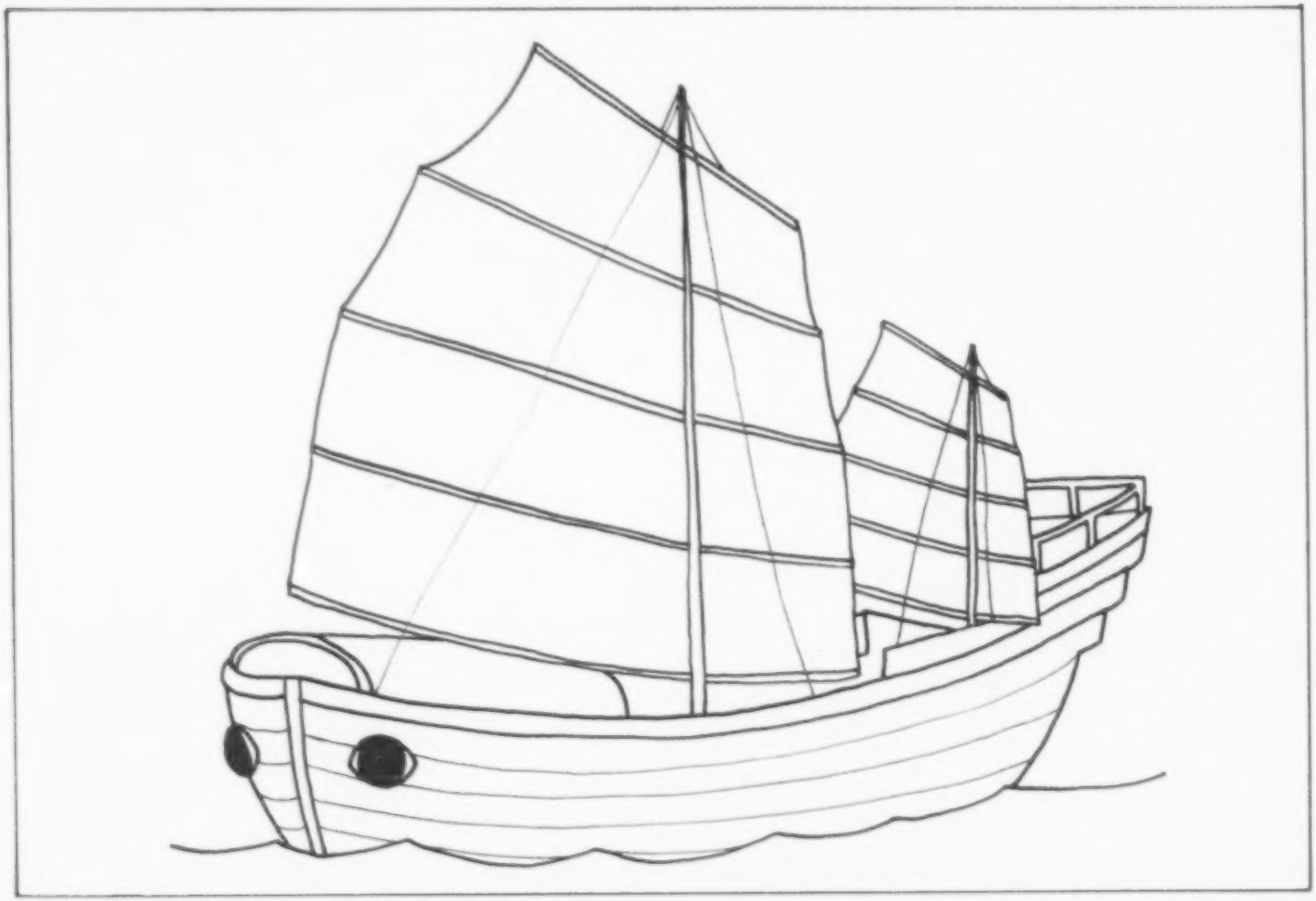


VAN

65

66

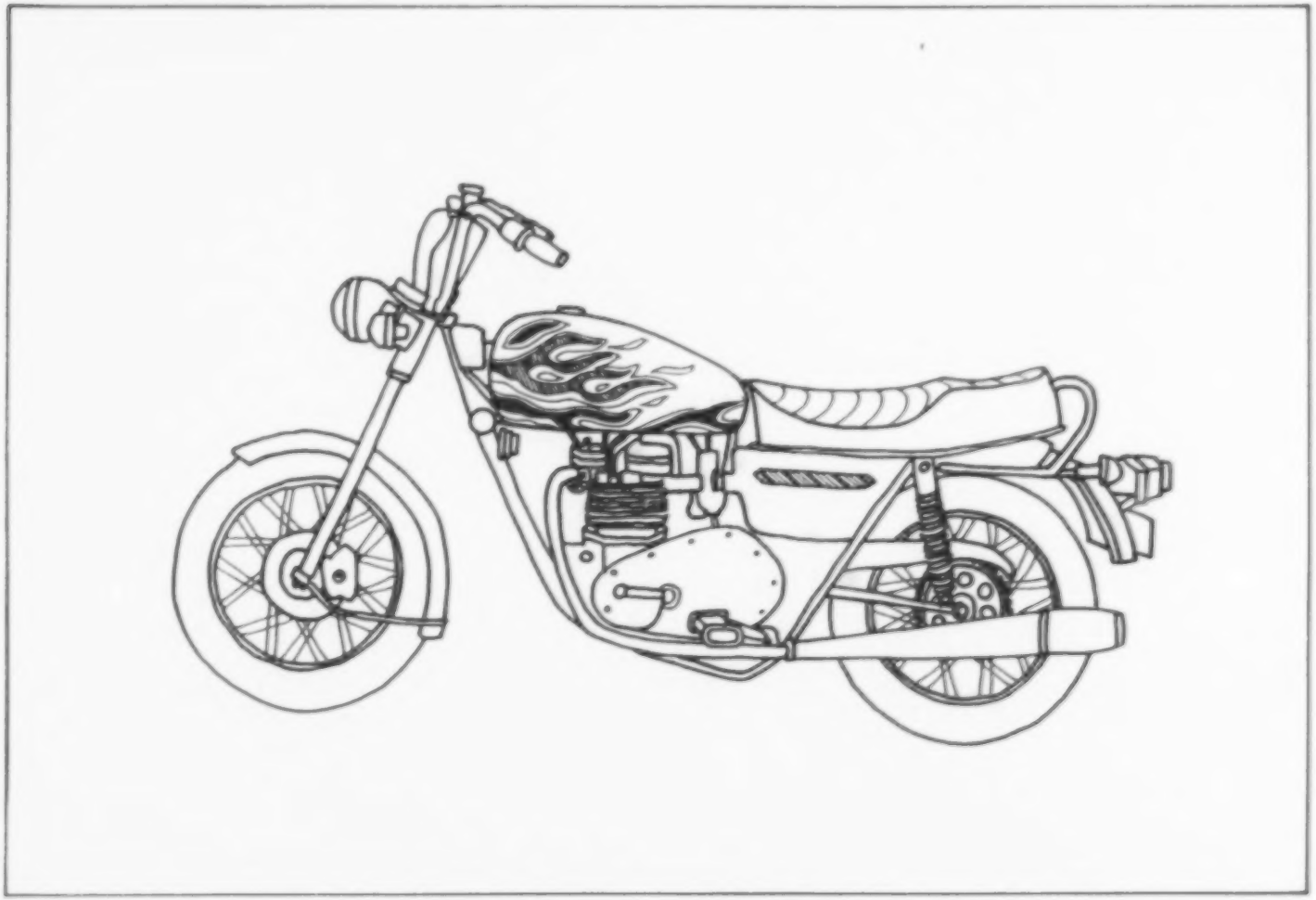
SINING NG TRANSPORTASYON
TRANSPORTATION ART



BANGKANG INTSIK **CHINESE JUNK**

67 68

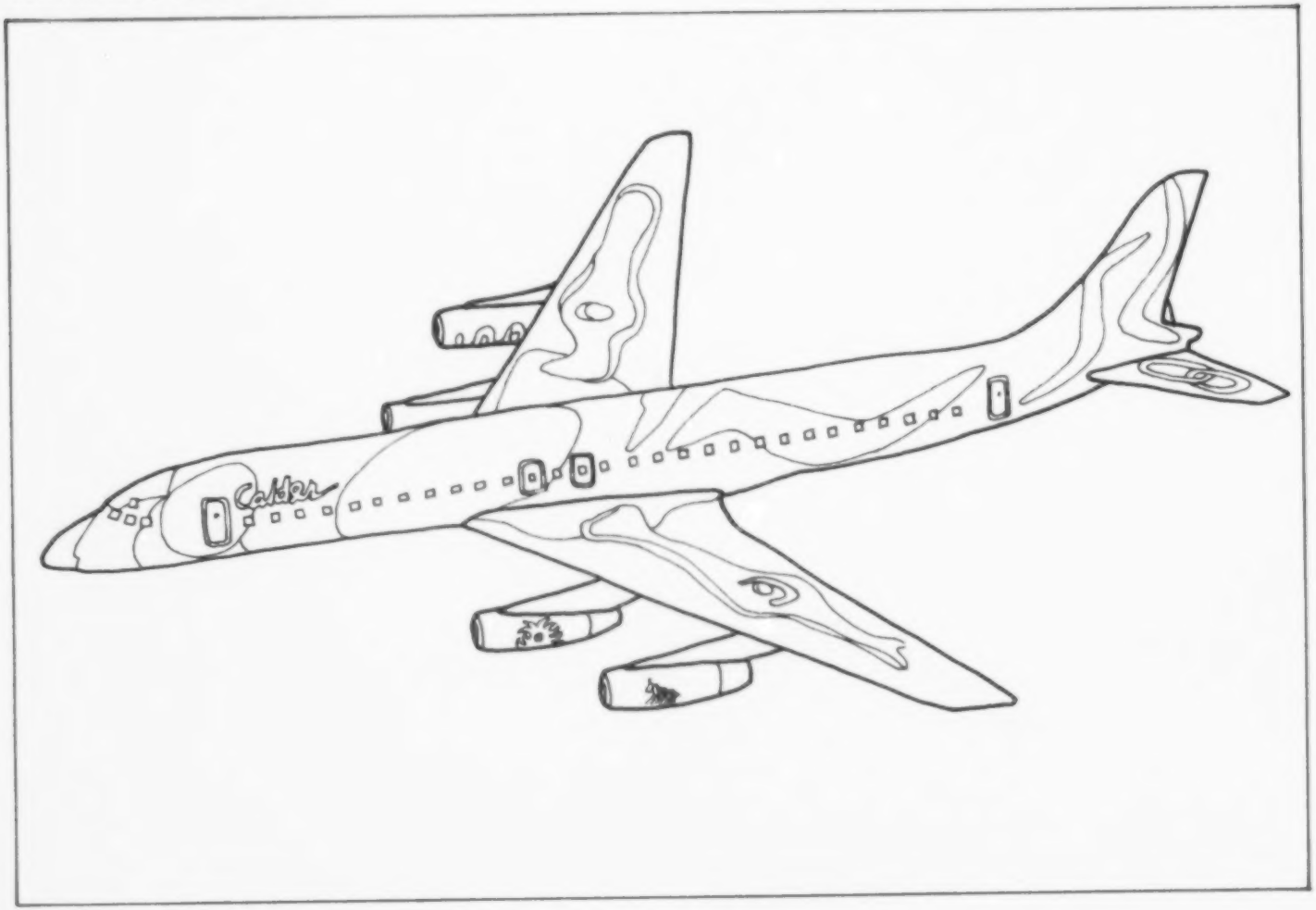
SINING NG TRANSPORTASYON
TRANSPORTATION ART



MOTORSIKLO **MOTORBIKE**

69 70

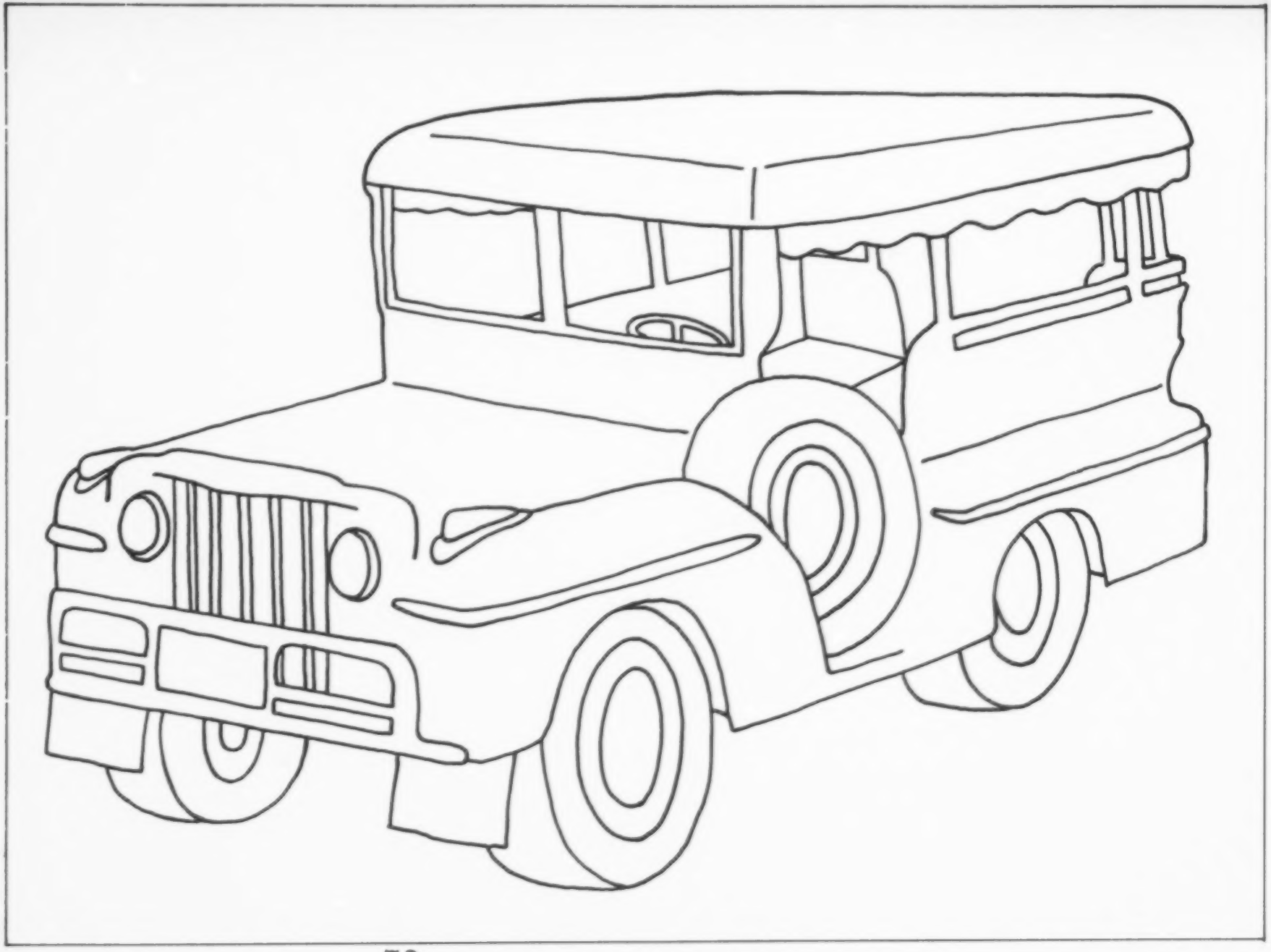
SINING NG TRANSPORTASYON
TRANSPORTATION ART



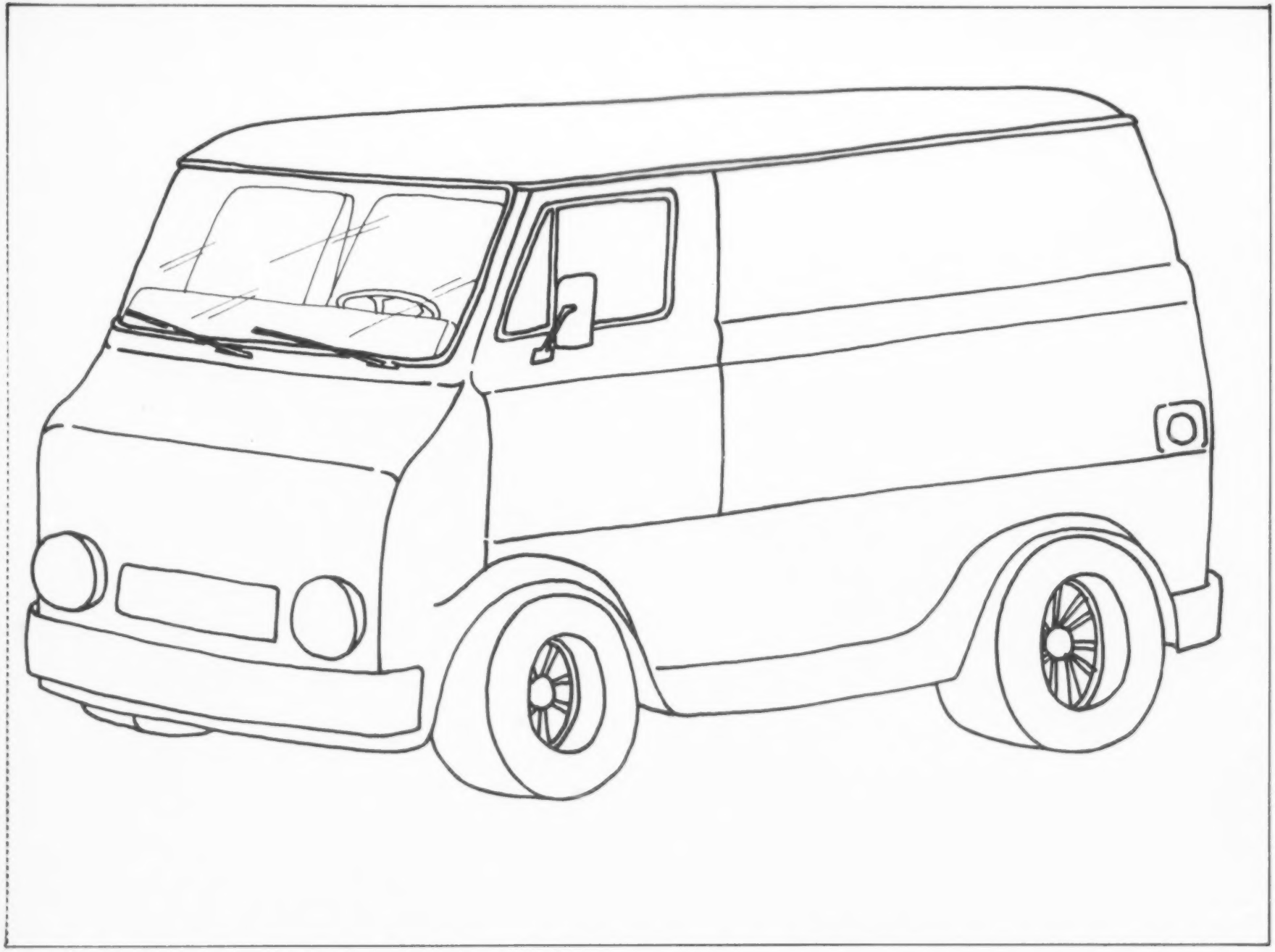
JET

71

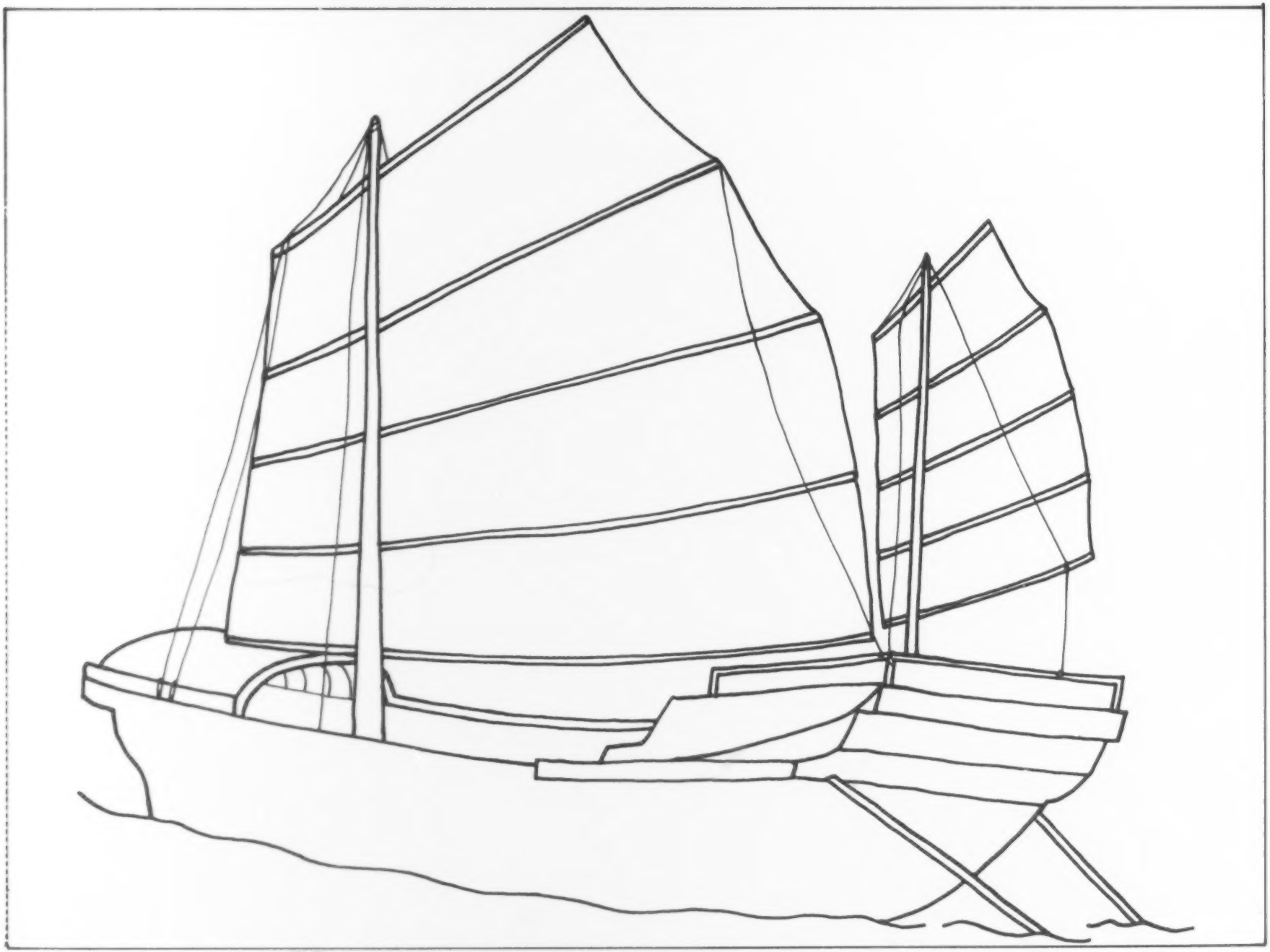
72



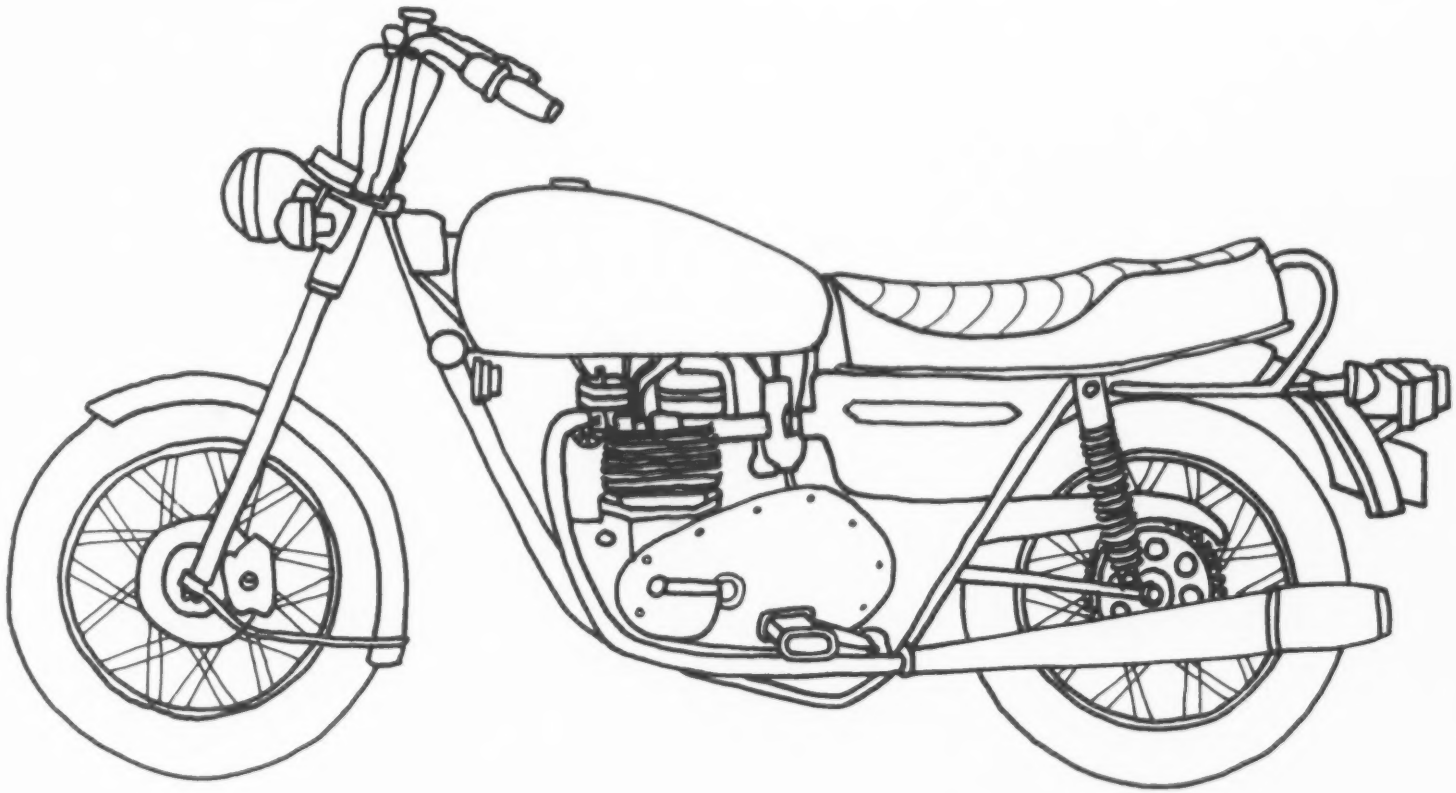
73 JEEPNEY 74



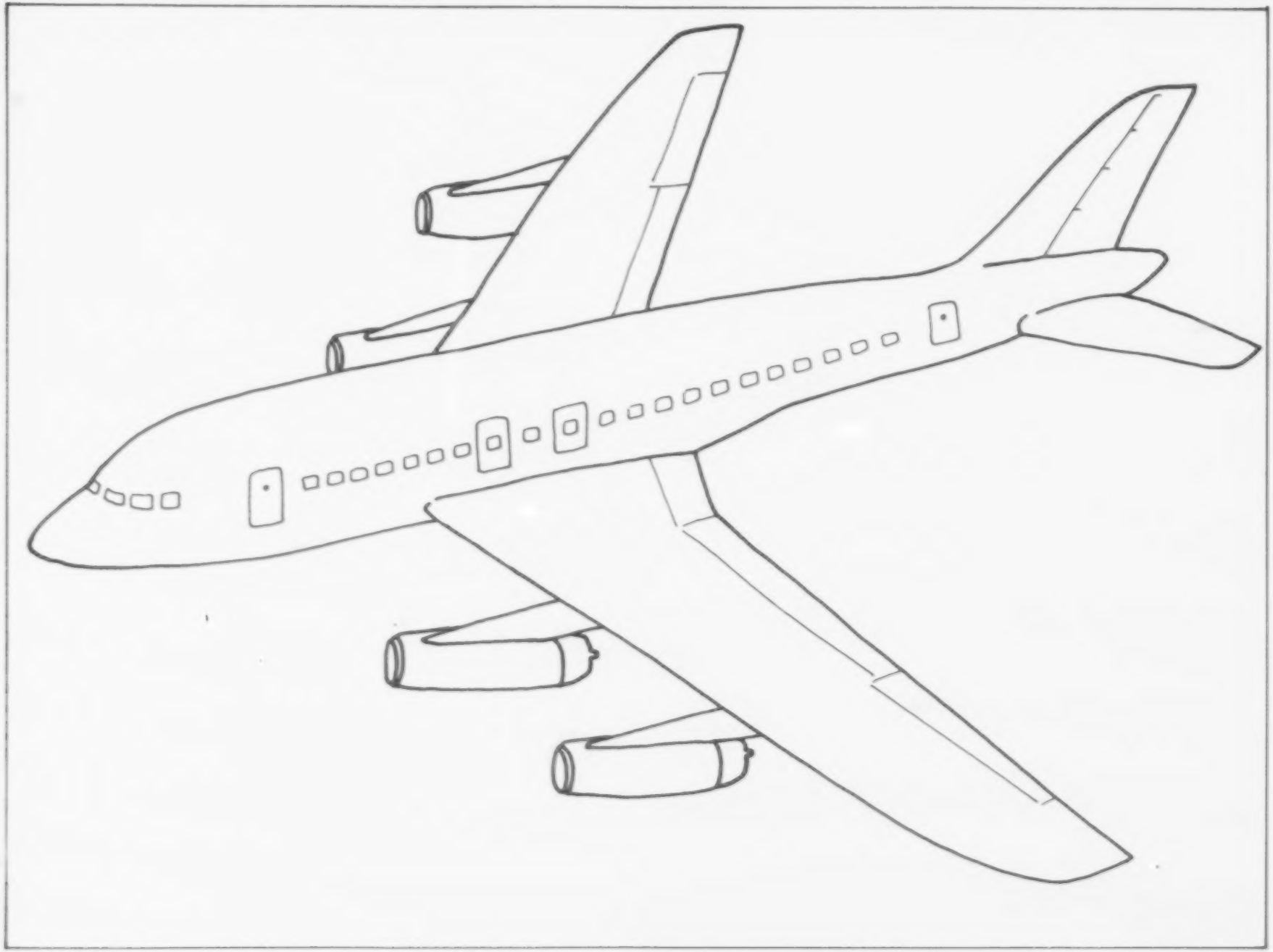
75 VAN 76



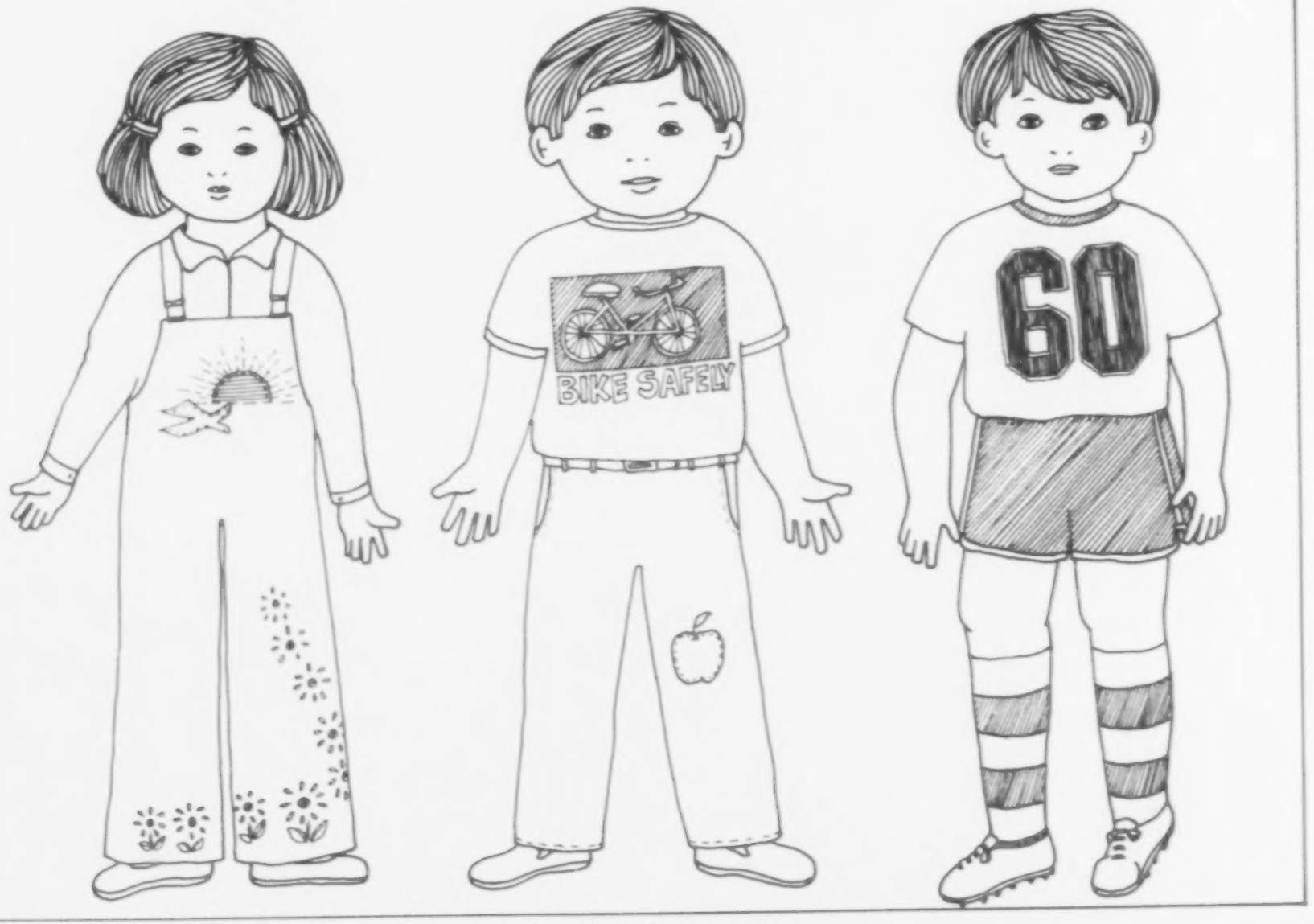
77 BANGKANG INTSIK **CHINESE JUNK** 78



79 MOTORSIKLO **MOTORBIKE** 80



S1 JET S2



ASIAN AMERICAN CHILDREN

83 84

SAMOAN

FILIPINO

JAPANESE

VIETNAMESE CHINESE KOREAN

NIGERIAN

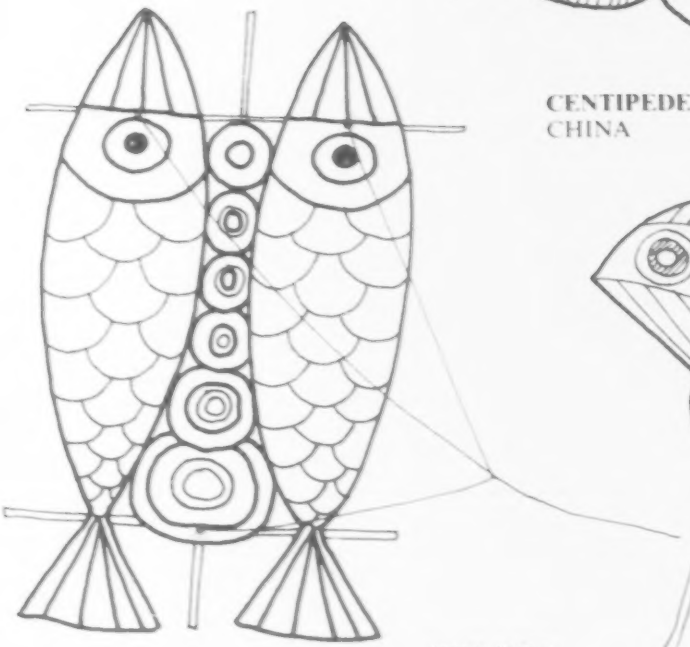
NAVAJO

MGA SARANGGOLA
KITES

FLYING LANTERN
CHINA

CENTIPEDE KITE
CHINA

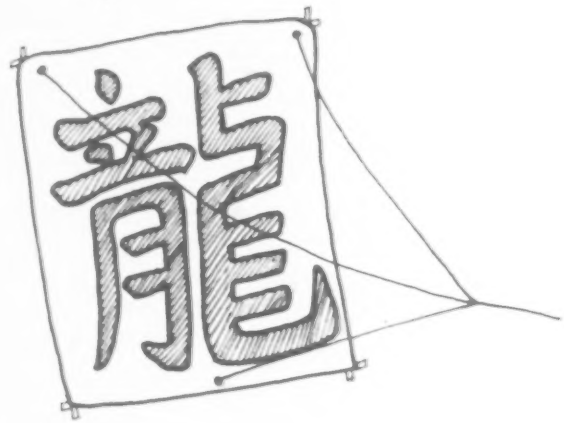
YAKKO DAKO
JAPAN



FISH KITE
JAPAN

91

BUTTERFLY KITE
CHINA



DRAGON
JAPAN

92

Ang Manika na may Mapupulang Laso

Namili si Mary na kasama ng kanyang ina isang araw. Sinabi sa kanya ni Gng. Lee, "Pupunta ako sa gawi ng paalagaan ng halaman upang bumili ng mga kagamitang panghalaman. Heto ang singkuwenta sentimos na panggastos mo. Magkikita tayo dito sa loob ng labinlimang minuto."

Tiningnan ni Mary ang perang nasa kamay niya. Nagdala siya ng dalawang makikintab na beintesingko. Ngayon may apat na siya.

"Ano ba ang gusto ko?" tanong ni Mary sa sarili. Nagtungo siya sa lugar ng mga laruan at tumingin-tingin.

"Ang ganda ng manika," bulong ni Mary. "Ngunit $8.95 ang halaga. Matatagalan bago ako makaipon para dito." Tiningnan ni Mary ang manika sa loob ng cellophane. Nakasuot ito ng asul na jumper. Ang buhok nito ay naka-pony tail na may mapupulang laso. "Ito ang pinakamagandang manika na nakita ko," sabi ni Mary sa sarili. "Lumalakad at nagsasalita ito. Ngunit maaaring makakita pa ako ng iba sa halagang isang dolyar." Tumingin pa siya ng iba sa paligid.

Sa wakas, nakakita si Mary ng tau-tauhang pangkamay sa halagang 90 sentimos. Ito ay isang puting tupa na may malalaking mata at isang maliit at kulay-rosas na dila. Ipinasok ni Mary ang tau-tauhan sa kamay niya at pinapagsalita ito.

"Kumusta," sabi ni Mary.

"Kumusta," sagot ng tau-tauhan. Pinakulubot ni Mary ang ilong nito. Nagmukhang katawa-tawa.

Bumalik si Gng. Lee. "Ano, Mary, nakakita ka ba ng bagay na nagustuhan mo?" tanong niya.

"Tingnan mo itong tau-tauhan na nakita ko, Inay. Nobenta sentimos lang."

"Bibilhin mo ba?"

The Doll with Red Ribbons

Mary went shopping with her mother one day. Mrs. Lee told her, "I'm going to the nursery section to buy gardening supplies. Here's fifty cents, your allowance. I'll meet you back here in fifteen minutes."

Mary looked at the money in her hand. She brought two shiny quarters with her. Now she had four.

"What do I want?" Mary asked herself. She walked through the toy section, looking at everything.

"Here's a beautiful doll," thought Mary. "But it costs $8.95. It would take me forever to save up for it. Mary looked at the doll through the cellophane. It was dressed in a blue jumper. Its hair was tied in ponytails with bright red ribbons. "She's the best doll I've ever seen," Mary said to herself. "She walks and talks. But maybe I can find something else for a dollar." She looked around some more.

Finally, Mary found a hand puppet for 90 cents. It was a white lamb with big eyes and a small pink tongue. Mary put the puppet on her hand and made it talk.

"Hello," said Mary.

"Hello," replied the puppet. Mary made the lamb wrinkle its nose. It looked funny.

Mrs. Lee returned. "Well, Mary, did you find something you like?" she asked.

"Look at this puppet I found, Mom. It's only 90 cents."

"Are you going to buy it?"

"Gusto ko talaga ang manikang iyon na may mapupulang laso sa buhok niya, ngunit gusto ko rin āng tau-tauhang ito. Matagal na matagal bago ako makaipon ng pera para sa manika. Hindi ako makapagpasiya. Palagay mo ba'y dapat akong mag-ipon ng pera para sa manika? O dapat ko nang bilhin ang tau-tauhan?" pagwawari ni Mary.

"Bahala ka, anak," sagot ni Gng. Lee.

"I really want the doll with red ribbons in her hair, but I like this puppet too. It'll take me a long time to save money for the doll. I can't make up my mind. Do you think I should save my money for the doll? Or should I buy the puppet?" wondered Mary.

"It's up to you, little one," answered Mrs. Lee.

Ang Away

Isang araw nang pananghalian, lumapit sa aming mesa sa cafeteria ang bata kong kapatid na si Wing-lok. Umiiyak siya.

"Anong nangyari?" sabi ko.

"Pinagtawanan ng isang bata ang pagsasalita ko," sabi niya habang umiiyak pa. "Pagkatapos, tinulak ako at nadapa ako. Tingnan mo, napunit ang pantalon ko. Magagalit si Inay."

"Sino ang gumawa niyan?" tanong ko sa kanya. Itinuro ni Wing-lok ang isang batang nakadiyaket na asul.

Tiningnan ko at ng aking mga kaibigan ang bata. Sabi ni Paul sa akin, "Pumunta ka roon at pagtawanan mo ang pagsasalita niya. Kung hindi niya gusto iyon, itulak mo siya hanggang madapa tulad ng ginawa niya sa iyong kapatid."

"Hindi," sabi ni Sam. "Mababasag-ulo tayong lahat. Isumbong natin sa titser."

"Hoy," sabi ni Chu-lim, "kalimutan mo na iyon. Grade Two sila pareho. Maaalagaan ni Wing-lok ang kanyang sarili."

"Marahil dapat mong kausapin iyong isang bata at alamin kung ano ang sasabihin niya. Alam mo, may dalawang panig ang bawat kuwento," sabi ni Alan.

"Teka muna," ang sigaw ko. "Ako ang bahala. Alam ko na ang gagawin ko. Sana'y tama ako."

The Fight

One day during lunch time, my little brother Wing-lok came to our table at the cafeteria. He was crying.

"What happened?" I said.

"A boy made fun of the way I talk," he said, still crying. "Then he pushed me down. Look, my pants got torn. Mom is going to get mad."

"Who did it?" I asked him. Wing-lok pointed to a boy wearing a blue jacket.

My friends and I looked at the boy. Paul said to me, "You should go over there and make fun of the way he talks. If he doesn't like it, push him to the ground like he did to your brother."

"No," Sam said. "That would get us all in trouble. We should tell the teacher."

"Hey," said Chu-lim, "forget it. They're both second graders. Wing-lok can take care of himself."

"Maybe you should talk to the other boy and find out what he has to say about it. You know there are always two sides to a story," Alan said.

"Hold it everybody," I yelled. "I will take care of it. I know what to do. I just hope that I'm right."

Panonood ng Sine

Magtatagpo kami ni Sui-foon sa Knopp's Bakery nang ala-una. Mula roon ay lalakad kaming papunta sa sine.

Nakarating ako sa Knopp's bago mag-ala-una. Naghintay ako nang naghintay. Pamaya-maya ay 1:15 na. Labinlimang minutong huli si Sui-foon. Magsisimula ang sine ng 1:30.

Naisip kong baka nalimutan ni Sui-foon ang tungkol sa sine. "Tawagan ko kaya siya sa teleponong may bayad?" tanong ko sa aking sarili. Subalit naalaala kong husto lamang na pambili ng tiket para sa sine ang aking pera.

Ala-1:20 na. "Marahil sa loob ng Knopp's si Sui-foon naghihintay," naisip ko. Tumakbo ako sa loob at hinanap siya. Maraming tao, ngunit wala siya roon. Bumalik ako sa labas. Wala pa rin si Sui-foon. "Ala-1:25 na. Baka nalimutan ni Sui-foon na magtatagpo kami rito," naisip ko. "Baka hinihintay niya ako sa sinehan."

Ala-1:30 na, at nagsisimula na ang palabas. Ang sinehan ay anim na bloke ang layo. Hindi ko mapagpasiyahan ang gagawin ko. "Gusto kong mapanood ang palabas," sabi ko sa sarili ko. "Maghihintay ba ako kay Sui-foon o manonood nang mag-isa?"

Going to the Movies

Sui-foon and I were supposed to meet at Knopp's Bakery at one o'clock. From there we were going to walk to the show.

I got to Knopp's before one. I waited and waited. Soon it was 1:15. Sui-foon was fifteen minutes late. The movie would start at 1:30.

I thought that maybe Sui-foon forgot about the movie. "Should I call her on the pay phone?" I asked myself. But then I remembered that I had only enough money to buy a ticket for the show.

It was 1:20. "Sui-foon might be inside Knopp's waiting," I thought. I ran inside and looked for her. There were a lot of people, but she wasn't there. I went back outside. Still no Sui-foon. "It's 1:25. Maybe Sui-foon forgot we were going to meet here," I thought. "Maybe she is waiting for me at the theater."

It was 1:30, and the movie was starting. The theater was six blocks away. I couldn't decide what to do. "I want to see the show," I said to myself. "Should I wait for Sui-foon or should I go on by myself?"

Lola

Isang araw, sinabi ni Inay na kailangang tahimik kaming lahat sapagkat nagpapahinga ang Lola sa itaas at malubha ang kanyang sakit.

Umuulan noon kaya hindi ako makalabas para maglaro. Binuksan ko nang mahinang-mahina ang telebisyon, ngunit walang magandang palabas. Ilan pang sandali, nakalimutan ko na ang maging tahimik. Manhik-manaog ako sa hagdanan at nag-anyong parang eroplano.

Kasalukuyan akong gumagawa ng isa pang maingay na paglipad nang makita ko si Dr. Gopez. Yumuko siya at sinabihan ako, "Kailangang maging tahimik ka dahil maysakit ang lola mo."

Huminto ako sa pagiging eroplano. Hinawakan ako sa kamay ni Dr. Gopez. Maingat kaming pumasok sa silid ni Lola. Natutulog siya. Maputla at pagod siya. May mga gamot at baso ng tubig sa ibabaw ng mesa sa tabi ng kama niya.

Bumaba kami ni Dr. Gopez. Sinikap kong maging tahimik sa nalalabing araw.

Kinaumagahan, sinabi sa akin ni Inay na kailangang pumasok sa ospital ang Lola sa kinagabihan. "Bakit?" tanong ko. Sinabi ni Inay na may sakit sa puso ang Lola.

"Ngunit anong nangyari?" tanong ko.

"Hindi ko alam, ngunit maaari siyang mamatay," sabi ni Inay.

Natakot akong sabihin sa kanya na nag-iingay ako noong dapat sana ay tahimik ako noong nakalipas na araw. Maaaring nakagambala sa Lola ang ingay na nagawa ko. Sana ay hindi siya mamatay nang dahil sa akin.

Grandmother

One day, Mom said that we all had to be quiet, because Grandmother was resting upstairs and she was very sick.

It was raining, so I couldn't go outside to play. I turned on the television really low, but nothing good was on. After a while I forgot about being quiet. I ran up and down the stairs, pretending to be an airplane.

I was making another noisy take-off when I saw Dr. Gopez. He bent down and said to me, "You should be very quiet because your grandmother is ill."

I stopped being an airplane. Dr. Gopez took me by the hand. We walked softly into Grandmother's room. She was asleep. She looked pale and tired. Medicines and some water were on the table beside her bed.

I went downstairs with Dr. Gopez. I tried to be quiet for the rest of the day.

The next morning, Mom told me that Grandmother had to go to the hospital during the night. "Why?" I asked. Mom said that Grandmother had heart trouble.

"But what happened" I asked.

"I don't know, but she might die," said Mom.

I was afraid to tell her that I was making noise when I was supposed to be quiet the day before. Maybe the noise I made disturbed Grandmother. I hope she doesn't die because of me.

Ang Maskarang Pang-Halloween

Bata kong kapatid si Ligaya. Mabait siya, maliban sa tuwing maglalaro ako sa labas, bumubuntot siya sa akin, tulad nang naparito at bumisita ang aking matalik na kaibigang si Chito. Mamimili kami sa tindahan ng mga maskarang pang-Halloween.

"Bayani," sabi ng nanay ko. "Narito si Chito. Isama mo si Ligaya, puwede ba?"

"Inay naman," sabi ko. "Talaga bang isasama ko siya?"

"Gusto rin niyang tingnan ang mga maskarang pang-Halloween," sabi sa akin ng nanay ko. "Isipin mo, ngayon mo pa lamang siya maisasama sa pagti-trick-or treat sa taong ito."

Galit ako. Makasisira si Ligaya. "Isuot mo ang coat mo at magmadali," sabi ko sa kanya. "Hindi namin hihintayin ang mga bata-batuta." Pumunta si Ligaya sa kloset at kinuha ang kanyang pulang coat. Pagkatapos nauna siyang lumabas ng pinto kaysa sa akin.

"Hoy, Chito," sabi ko. "Pinasama sa akin ng nanay ko si Ligaya. Isasama ko pa rin siya sa Halloween."

"OK lang sa akin," sabi ni Chito.

Lumakad kami hanggang sa tindahan at tumingin sa lahat ng maskara. Hindi makita ni Ligaya ang itaas ng iskaparate, kaya nanood na lamang siya.

Sinubukan ko ang pangit na berdeng maskara. May mapupulang matang lumuluwa at malalaking puting ngipin. "Kakanin kita," inungulan ko si Ligaya. Natakot siya at nagsimulang umiyak. "Huwag kang umiyak," sabi ko sabay alis ng maskara, "Kung hindi, hindi kita isasama sa amin na mag-trick-or-treat."

Kumuha ako ng nakakatawang maskara. "Eto, Ligaya," sabi ko, "subukan mo ito." Isinuot ko sa kanyang ulo ang maskara. Pagkalaki-laki nito at hindi siya makakita. "Halika na," bulong ko kay Chito. "Tara na." Iniwan naming nakatayo roon si Ligaya na suut-suot ang nakakatawang maskara.

Pinagmasdan namin si Ligaya mula sa kabilang dulo ng iskaparate. "Baka umiyak siya muli," sabi ni Chito.

"Hindi," sabi ko. "Tingnan natin ang gagawin niya."

The Halloween Mask

Ligaya is my little sister. She is all right, except that when I go out and play, she always follows me around--like today when my best friend Chito comes to visit. We are going to the store to buy Halloween masks.

"Bayani," my mother says. "Chito is here. Take Ligaya along, will you?"

"Oh, Mom," I say, "Do I have to?"

"She wants to look at Halloween masks, too," my mother tells me. "Remember, you are taking her trick-or-treating for the first time this year."

I am mad. Ligaya is going to spoil things. "Get your coat on and hurry," I tell her. "We don't have time to wait for little kids." Ligaya goes to the closet and gets her red coat. Then she runs out the door ahead of me.

"Hi, Chito," I say. "My mother made me bring Ligaya. I even have to bring her on Halloween."

"It's OK with me," says Chito.

We walk to the store and look at all the masks. Ligaya can't see over the counter, so she just watches.

I try on an ugly green mask. It has red eyes that pop out and huge white teeth. "I'm going to eat you," I growl at Ligaya. She gets scared and starts to cry. "Don't cry," I say, taking the mask off, "or else I won't take you trick-or-treating with us."

I pick up a funny mask. "Here, Ligaya," I say, "try this on." I put the mask on her head. It's so big that she can't see. "Come on," I whisper to Chito. "Let's go." We leave Ligaya standing there with the funny mask on.

We watch Ligaya from the end of the counter. "She might start crying again," says Chito.

"No," I say. "Let's see what she does."

Ang Bisitang Sorbetes

Paminsan-minsan, bumibisita kami ng bata kong kapatid na si Sui-Mei kay Gng. Garcia, ang kapitbahay namin. Gusto namin ang bahay niya. Punung-puno ng mga lumang bagay na kung tawagin ay mga antique.

Gusto ni Sui-Mei ang mga lamparang Tiffany. Gusto ko ng mga porselanang manika na mula sa Alemanya. Ang paborito ko ay iyong pastol na nagbibiyolin. May tupa siyang maliit na nasa kanyang paanan. Kamukha ng bata ang kaibigan kong si Jason na nasa ikatlong baitang.

Kausap namin si Gng. Garcia nang tawagin kami ni Inay. Tumakbo si Sui-Mei sa pinto at nagsabi, "Parito kayo, Inay."

Nang dumating sila, tinanong sila ni Gng. Garcia, "Gng. Yuen, gusto ba ninyo ng kape o tsa?"

"Salamat na lang ho," sabi ni Inay. "Masyado na hong abala ito."

"Gusto ba ninyo ng sorbetes?" tanong ni Gng. Garcia sa amin ni Sui-Mei.

Bago makakibo ang sinuman, masayang "Oo!" ang isinigaw namin ni Sui-Mei. Kapwa namin gusto ang sorbetes, at gutom kami. Inirapan kami ni Inay, pero wala siyang sinabi.

Nalimutan namin ni Sui-Mei ang irap ni Inay sa amin nang dumating ang sorbetes. Nakaupo kami sa mga silya sa komedor. Masyadong malalaki ang mga ito kaya inuugoy namin ang aming paa at naghahagikgikan habang kumakain kami.

Nang makauwi kami, kinagalitan kami ni Inay. Sabi niya, "Matuto kayong magsabi ng 'hindi.' Sa bahay ni Gng. Garcia, para kayong hindi pinakakain. Pinahiya ninyo ako. Bukod pa roon, nagtatrabaho nang husto si Gng. Garcia. Ayaw niyang maabala ninyong dalawa."

"Pero, Inay," sabi ko, "Gusto kaming bigyan ng sorbetes ni Gng. Garcia."

"Paglaki ninyo, maiintindihan ninyo ang sinasabi ko," tugon ni Inay.

"Ewan," sabi ko sa aking sarili.

The Ice Cream Visit

My little sister Sui-Mei and I sometimes visit Mrs. Garcia, our neighbor. We like her house. It's full of old things called antiques.

Sui-Mei likes the Tiffany lamps. I like the porcelain dolls from Germany. My favorite is a shepherd playing a violin. He has a small lamb at his feet. The boy reminds me of my friend Jason who is in the third grade.

We were talking with Mrs. Garcia when we heard Mother calling us. Sui-Mei ran to the door and said, "Come over here, Mother."

When she came over, Mrs. Garcia asked her, "Mrs. Yuen, would you like some coffee or tea?"

"No, thank you," said Mother. "It's too much trouble."

"Would you two like some ice cream?" Mrs. Garcia asked Sui-Mei and me.

Before anyone could say another word, Sui-Mei and I both cheered, "Yes!" We both love ice cream, and we were hungry. Mother gave us a funny look but she didn't say anything.

Sui-Mei and I forgot how Mom looked at us when the ice cream came. We were sitting on the dining room chairs. They were so big that we swung our feet and giggled while we ate.

When we got home, Mother scolded us. She said, "You should learn to say 'no.' At Mrs. Garcia's house, you both acted like we never feed you. You embarrassed me. Besides, Mrs. Garcia works hard. She doesn't want to be bothered by the two of you."

"But Mom," I said, "Mrs. Garcia wanted us to have the ice cream."

"When you're older, you'll understand what I'm saying," replied Mother.

"I don't know," I said to myself.

Bawal Pumasok

Sinabi ni Inay na sina Tiya Corazon, Tiyo Jose at ang mga pinsan ko mula sa Pilipinas ay lilipat sa amin nang pansamantala. Sinabi ni Itay sa amin ng kapatid kong si Emilio na isusukob namin sa aming silid ang pinsan kong si David. Bagamat natatakot kaming sabihin sa aming mga magulang, hindi namin nagustuhan ni Emilio ang balak na ito.

"Wala akong pakialam kung pinsan man natin si David," sabi ni Emilio. "Silid natin ito."

"Hindi tama," sabi ko. "Bakit kailangang dito siya tumigil?"

Sinabi namin kay Inay ang damdamin namin. "Si David ay pinsan ninyo. Ang mga pinsan ninyo at ang inyong tiya at tiyo ay kasama sa ating pamilya," sabi niya. "Dapat natin silang tanggapin. Matagal na nang huli tayong magkita-kita. At matutulungan natin silang manirahan dito. Gagawin din nila ito para sa atin. Ngayon, ayoko nang makarinig pa ng tungkol dito."

Nagbalik kami ni Emilio sa aming silid. Ipinasya naming maglagay ng mga karatula sa lahat ng istante at kahon. Sinasabi ng mga karatula ang "BAWAL PUMASOK--KAY BEN" at "KAY EMILIO--HUWAG GALAWIN."

Natuwa kami ni Emilio nang matapos kami. "Magiging masikip dito, pero malalaman ni David kung saan siya dapat," sabi ko kay Emilio. Nagtawanan kami.

Mayamaya, pumasok si Itay. "Ano ang mga ito?" tanong niya, nakatingin sa mga karatulang "BAWAL PUMASOK" at "HUWAG GALAWIN." "Kaninong idea ito?"

Tumingin sa amin si Itay. Nagkatinginan kami ni Emilio sa isa't isa. Pagkatapos, napayuko kami.

"Sige," sabi ni Itay. "Ano ang paliwanag ninyo?"

Keep Out

Mom said that Aunt Corazon, Uncle Jose, and my cousins from the Philippines would move in for a while. Dad told my brother Emilio and me that we would share our room with our cousin David. Though we were afraid to tell our parents, Emilio and I didn't like the idea.

"I don't care if David is our cousin," Emilio said. "This is our room."

"It's not fair," I said. "Why does he have to stay with us?"

We went to Mom and told her how we felt. "David is your cousin. Your cousins and your aunt and uncle are part of our family," she said. "We should welcome them. It's been a long time since we all saw each other last. And we can help them settle here. They would do the same for us. Now I don't want to hear about it anymore."

Emilio and I went back to our room.We decided to put up signs on all the shelves and drawers. The signs said "KEEP OUT--BEN'S" and "EMILIO'S--DO NOT TOUCH."

Emilio and I felt good after we finished. "It's going to be crowded in here, but David will know where he belongs," I told Emilio. We both laughed.

Then Dad came in. "What's all this?" he asked, looking at all the "KEEP OUT" and "DO NOT TOUCH" signs. "Whose idea is this?"

Dad looked at us. Emilio and I looked at each other. Then we looked down.

"Well," Dad said. "What's your explanation?"

Walang Mapuntahan

Hinihintay namin ni Chris si Agapito sa liwasan. "Ano bang oras siya dapat makipagkita sa atin?" tanong ko.

"Darating na iyon sa susunod na limang minuto," sagot ni Chris. "Magsisimula na ang **Star Wars** sa isang oras. Laging mahaba ang pila kaya kailangang maaga tayong pumunta doon."

"Natandaan mo ba noong una? Naghintay tayo ng tatlong oras. Sana'y mas maikli ang pila ngayon."

"Alam mo," sabi ni Chris. "Sana buhay tayo sa hinaharap. Mas masaya marahil kaysa paupo-upo sa liwasang ito maghapon."

"Oo nga, kung mayroon tayong kotseng pangkalawakan tulad ng **Star Wars**, makakapaggala tayo," sabi ko. "Isang minuto lang papunta sa Bundok Rainier o sa Seattle Center. Makakalipad din tayo sa ibabaw ng tubig."

"Hoy," sigaw ng isang tao. "Hoy, Chris! Hoy, Bobby!" Si Kelly iyon. Inihinto nila ng kanyang ama ang kotse sa tabi namin. "Gusto ba ninyong sumama sa tabing-dagat?" tanong niya. "Aalis na kami ngayon din."

"Salamat na lang," sabi ko. "Panonoorin namin ang **Star Wars**."

"Ngunit dalawang beses na ninyong napanood iyon, a," sabi ni Kelly. "Halina kayo, masaya sa tabing-dagat!"

"Ewan ko," sagot ko. "Dapat naming tagpuin si Agapito dito. Ngunit huli na siya. Kapag hindi siya sumipot, gusto kong sumama sa tabing-dagat. Makakapaghintay ba kayo ng ilang minuto?"

"Sorry," sabi ni Kelly. "Kailangang abutan namin ang tawiran."

Nagsalita si Chris. "Aba, pupunta ako sa tabing-dagat," sabi niya. "Mahigit nang isang taon na hindi ako nakapunta doon. Maaari mong hintayin si Agapito kung gusto mo, ngunit hindi siguro siya magagalit kung sumama ka. Tatlong beses na niyang napanood ang **Star Wars** at saka ayaw niya ang tabing-dagat."

"Halika na," sabi ni Kelly. "Masaya doon."

No Place to Go

Chris and I were waiting for Agapito at the park. "What time is he supposed to meet us?" I asked.

"He should be here in another five minutes," Chris replied. "**Star Wars** starts in an hour. There is always a long line, so we have to get there early."

"Remember the first time? We waited three hours. I hope the line is shorter today."

"You know," said Chris. "I wish we lived in the future. It would be more fun than sitting around this dumb park all day."

"Yeah, if we had a space car like they did in **Star Wars**, we could really ride around," I said. "It would take us a minute to go to Mt. Rainier or the Seattle Center. We could even ride over water."

"Hey," someone hollered. "Hey, Chris! Hey, Bobby!" It was Kelly. He and his father drove up next to us in a car. "Do you guys want to go to the beach?" he asked. "We're leaving right now."

"No, thanks," I said. "We're going to see **Star Wars**."

"But you saw it twice already," said Kelly. "Come on, the beach will be fun."

"I don't know," I answered. "We're supposed to meet Agapito here. But he's late. If he doesn't show up soon, I'd like to go to the beach. Can you wait a few minutes?"

"Sorry," said Kelly. "We have to catch the ferry."

Chris spoke up. "Well, I'm going to the beach," he said. "I haven't been there in over a year. You can wait for Agapito if you want, but I don't think he'd mind if you go. He's seen **Star Wars** three times already, and he hates the beach.

"Come on," Kelly said. "It'll be fun."

Ang Tuhod Ni Mary

Nagsimulang sumakit ang kanan kong tuhod noong nakaraang linggo. Sabi ng nars sa paaralan na dapat daw akong pumunta sa doktor. Nang sabihin ko ito sa Nanay ko, tinawag niya ang pang-kapitbahayang klinika. Sinabi nila na maaari kaming makipagkita kay Dr. Johnson.

Lumiban ako sa paaralan at umuwi naman nang maaga ang Nanay nang araw na iyon. Ako ang nagsasalin para sa kanya sapagkat hindi niya lubos na naiintindihan ang Ingles.

Kinunan ng x-ray ang tuhod ko ng doktor. Ipinapakita ng x-ray ang loob ng katawan mo. Tiningnan din niya ang tuhod ko. Pagkatagpos sinabi niya, "Gng. Lee, masakit ang tuhod ni Mary dahil namamaga ito. Gusto kong inumin niya ang gamot na ito tatlong beses isang araw sa loob ng mga ilang araw." Ibinigay niya sa Nanay ang isang maliit na bote ng gamot. Nagpatuloy ang doktor, "Kapag ubos na ang gamot, gusto kong bumalik siya upang matingnan ko ang tuhod niya, ha? Kapag hindi pa rin magaling, kailangang bigyan ko siya ng regular na iniksiyon sa loob ng ilang linggo."

Nang makauwi kami ng Nanay, sinabi namin sa Tatay at sa Lolo ang bilin ng doktor. Tinanong ako ng Lola kung saan gawi masakit ang tuhod ko. Hinilot niya ito nang maingat sa iba't-ibang bahagi at sinabi niya sa akin na baluktutin ito ng ilang beses.
"Namamagang tuhod lang ito, Mary," sabi niya. "Maaari nating pahiran ito ng ointment. Kapag hindi gumaling kaagad, dadalhin ka namin kay Dr. Sen para sa acupuncture. Siya na ang bahala sa iyo."

Sumang-ayon sina Inay at Itay. Ngunit gusto ng doktor na inumin ko ang gamot. "Nanay," sabi ko, "paano yoong gamot?"

"Kasinghusay din ng gamot ang ointment," sabi niya. Hindi ako nakatitiyak. Gusto kong gumaling ang tuhod ko ngunit hindi ko alam kung paano.

Mary's Knee

My right knee began to hurt last week. The school nurse said I should see a doctor. When I told my mother, she called the neighborhood clinic. They said we could see Dr. Johnson.

I took off from school and Mom left work early that day. I translated for her because she doesn't understand English too well.

The doctor took an x-ray picture of my knee. An x-ray shows what's inside your body. He also checked my knee. Then he said, "Mrs. Lee, Mary's knee hurts because it's inflamed. I want her to take these pills three times a day for a few days." He gave Mom a small bottle of pills. The doctor went on, "When the pills are gone, I want her to come back and see me so I can check her knee, all right? If it isn't well by then, I'll have to give her regular shots for a few weeks."

When Mom and I got home, we told Dad and my grandfather what the doctor said. Grandfather asked me where my knee hurt. He pressed it carefully in different spots and asked me to bend it a few times. "It's only a sore knee, Mary," he said. "We can rub medicated ointment on it. If it doesn't feel better after a while, we can take you to Dr. Sen for acupuncture. That'll take care of it."

Mom and Dad agreed. But the doctor wanted me to take the pills. "Mom," I asked, "what about the pills?"

"Medicated ointment will work just as well as those pills," she said. I wasn't sure. I wanted my knee to get better, but I didn't know how.

Mga Pusong-Papel

Tuwing Araw ng Valentine, lahat sa klase ay gumagawa ng mga pusong-papel na ibibigay sa isa't isa. Si Gina ang gumagawa ng pinakamagagandang pusong-papel. Gumawa siya ng isang natatangi para sa aming guro, si Gng. Espina. Nilagdaan ito ng buong klase.

Si Gina ay nakaupo sa may kabila ko. May mahaba siyang buhok. Kung minsan, nakatirintas siya. Mabait siya. Nahihiram ko ang kanyang pambura o lapis kapag nalimutan ko ang sa akin. Kung minsan, humihingi ako ng tulong sa kanya kahit hindi ko talaga kailangan ito. Palagay ko ay gusto niya ako.

Nahihirapan akong gumawa ng puso noong araw na iyon ng Valentine, kaya hiniling ko kay Gina na tulungan ako. Maganda ang puso nang mayari ito.

Sinabi sa akin ni Gng. Espina na mag'igpit na. Halos hindi namin siya narinig ni Gina dahil abala kami sa pag-uusap. Pinagtawanan kami ng ilang batang lalaki dahil doon.

Nag-bell at nagtungo kami sa kapiterya para mananghalian. Ang mga lalaki ay nagsiupo sa isang mesa, ang mga babae ay sa kabila naman.

Halos tapos na ang pananghalian nang lumapit sa mesa namin si Linda. Kaibigan siyang matalik ni Gina. Lumapit sa akin si Linda at may ibinulong sa tainga ko. "Ano?" sabi ko.

"Gusto kang halikan ni Gina," sabi niyang muli. "Naroon siya sa annex."

"Sige na," sabi ni Gary. "Alam naman ng lahat na gusto mo siya." Nagtawanan ang lahat ng kaibigan ko. Namula ako.

Limang minuto bago mag-bell. Nakikita ko si Gina na nakatayo sa annex. Naguluhan ang isip ko. Hindi ko alam ang gagawin ko.

Paper Hearts

On Valentine's Day, everybody in class makes paper hearts to give to each other. Gina makes the best hearts. She made a special one for our teacher, Mrs. Espina. The whole class signed it.

Gina sits across from me. She has long hair. Sometimes she wears braids. She is all right. I can borrow her eraser or pencil anytime I forget mine. Sometimes I ask her for help even though I don't really need it. I think she likes me.

I was having trouble making a heart that Valentine's Day. so I asked Gina to help me. The heart looked nice when it was done.

Mrs. Espina told me to clean up and put things away. Gina and I almost didn't hear her because we were so busy talking. Some boys laughed at us because of that.

The bell rang, and we went to the cafeteria for lunch. The boys always sit at one table, the girls at another.

Lunch was almost over when Linda walked to our table. She is Gina's best friend. Linda came up to me and whispered something in my ear. I said, "Huh?"

"Gina wants to kiss you," she said again. "She's over there by the annex."

"Go ahead," Gary said. "Everybody knows you like her." All my friends laughed. My face was red.

It was five minutes before the bell. I could see Gina standing by the annex. I was scared. I didn't know what to do.

Ang Rosas Na Suweter

Umuulan noong nag-field trip sa liwasan ang aming paaralan. Mangungulekta kami ng mga dahon para sa proyekto.

"Laging umuulan tuwing papayagan nila tayong mag-enjoy," reklamo ko. "Naalala mo ba noong gumawa tayo ng mga saranggola? Pinayagan tayo ni Gng. Malcolm na paliparin ang mga ito pero umulan nang isang linggo at hindi tayo nakalabas."

"Oo nga," sagot ni Sean. "E ano kung umulan ngayon? Kalokohan lang ang mangolekta ng dahon."

"Okay lang sa akin iyan," sabi ko. "Baka enjoy."

Nang makarating kami roon, sinabi sa amin ni Gng. Malcolm na mag-ingat at laging magsama-sama. Madulas at basa ang lupa.

May ilang bata na nagsimulang maghabulan sa paradahan. May nakabunggo sa akin nang di-sinasadya. Nadulas at nahulog ako sa isang malaking lusak. Ang diyaket ko ay narumham at nabasa.

"Ano ang nangyari, Jim?" tanong ni Gng. Malcolm.

"Wala po. Nadulas ako," sagot ko.

"Basang-basa ang diyaket mo. Masisipon ka," sabi ni Gng. Malcolm. "mayroon akong isa pang suweter sa loob ng bus. Kukunin ko, pati ang ilang tuwalyang papel upang linisin ka."

Nagmadali siya sa bus. "Ipasusuot niya sa iyo ang luma at rosas niyang suweter, pustahan tayo," sabi ni Sean.

"Di puwede," sabi ko. "Rosas iyon--suweter-pambabae. Uuwi na lang siguro ako."

Bumalik si Gng. Malcolm. Ang buong klase ay nakatingin habang pinupunasan niya ang putik sa diyaket ko. Nakakahiya. Pagkatapos, lumitaw mula sa isang supot ang luma at rosas na suweter ni Gng. Malcolm. Isinuot niya ito sa akin at sinabi, "Ayan, maayos ka na ngayon. Magpapainit ito sa iyo."

"Gng. Malcolm," sabi ni Sean, "suweter-pambabae iyan. Hindi niya iyan puwedeng isuot."

The Pink Sweater

It was raining when our school went on a field trip to the park. We were going to collect leaves for a project.

"It always rains when they let us have fun," I complained. "Remember the time we made kites? Mrs. Malcolm was going to let us fly them, but it rained for a week and we couldn't go out."

"Yeah," Sean replied. "But who cares if it rains today? Collecting leaves is dumb."

"I don't mind," I said. "It might be fun."

When we got there, Mrs. Malcolm told us to be careful and stay together. The ground was slippery and wet.

Some kids started chasing each other in the parking lot. Somebody bumped me by accident. I slipped and fell into a big mud puddle. My jacket was dirty and wet.

"What happened, Jim?" asked Mrs. Malcolm.

"Nothing. I slipped," I answered.

"Your jacket is soaked. You'll catch a cold," Mrs. Malcolm said. "I've got an extra sweater in the bus. I'll get it, and some paper towels to clean you up."

She hurried to the bus. "She's going to make you wear that old pink sweater of hers, I'll bet," said Sean.

"No way!" I said. "It's pink--a girl's sweater. Maybe I'll go home."

Mrs. Malcolm came back. The whole class was watching while she wiped the mud off my jacket. It was embarassing. Then, out of a brown paper bag came Mrs. Malcolm's old pink sweater. She put it on me and said, "That's better. You'll be nice and warm."

"Mrs. Malcolm," Sean said, "that's a girl's sweater. He can't wear it."

"Jim, sisipunin ka kapag wala kang suweter. Kung ayaw mo iyang isuot, kailangang tumigil ka nang nag-iisa sa loob ng bus."

Tumingin ako sa aking mga kaklase. Ayokong pagtawanan nila ako. Ayokong makita ng ibang klase na nakasuot ako ng rosas na suweter. Tumingin ako kay Gng. Malcolm. At tumingin din ako sa bus.

"O, ano, Jim," sabi ni Gng. Malcolm, "sasama ka ba o hindi?"

"Jim, you'll catch a cold without the sweater. If you don't wear it, you'll have to stay in the bus by yourself."

I looked at my classmates. I didn't want anyone to make fun of me. I didn't want the other classes to see me in a pink sweater. I looked at Mrs. Malcolm. And I looked at the bus.

"Well, Jim," Mrs. Malcolm said, "are you coming or not?"

Mga Taniman ng Strawberry

Ang tag-init ay panahon ng pamimitas ng strawberry para sa amin ng mga kaibigan ko. Umagang-umaga, sinusundo kami sa bayan ng isang bus at hinahatid sa mga taniman ng strawberry. Nilalakbay namin ang milya-milya ng maalikabok na lansangan, pagkatapos bumababa kami sa taniman na pamimitasan namin sa araw na iyon. Binibilang ko ang mga poste ng telepono sa lansangan upang hulaan kung gaano kami kalayo sa bayan.

Mahirap na trabaho ang pamimitas ng mga berry. Namumula ang mga kamay namin dahil namamantsahan ng mga strawberry. Nakaluhod kami sa lupa maghapon sa init ng araw. Sa init ng araw na rin kami kumakain ng pananghalian.

Tuwing pananghalian, sinisikap maghanap ng lilim ang lahat. Isang araw, isang pick-up trak at isang traktora ang pumarada sa maalikabok na daan. Bahagya lamang ang lilim, kaya ang ilan sa amin ay umupo sa pick-up habang kumakain kami. Si Larry, isang kaeskwela ko, ay nakakita ng isang malilim na lugar sa tabi ng traktora. Ang iba naman ay nagsiupo sa gilid ng daan o sumandal sa mga poste ng telepono. Lahat kami ay kumakain ng pananghalian. Pagkatapos nakarinig kami ng lagitik. May napatid na linya ng koryente. Lumagpak ito sa traktora at nagkikislap. Napatili nang napakalakas si Larry sa loob ng ilang segundo. Pagkaraan tahimik na naman uli.

Ang lahat ay tumakbo sa traktora. Nauna ang mga mama doon. Paulit-ulit nilang sinasabi, "Lumayo kayo! Huwag kayong humawak nang anuman!"

Isa sa mga mama ay kumuha ng isang mahabang tagdan mula sa pick-up. Ginamit niya ito upang itulak na palayo si Larry sa ilalim ng tractora. Hindi kumikilos si Larry. "Patay na siya," sabi ng isa.

"Patay si Larry," naisip ko. Lahat ay nabahala. Isang bata na mas malaki sa akin ang nagsimulang umiyak. Gusto kong umuwi ngunit hindi kami susunduin ng bus kundi sa kinahapunan pa.

Iniisip ko ang tungkol sa nangyari habang nagtatrabaho nang hapong iyon. Iniisip ko kung dapat kong sabihin sa Nanay at Tatay ko ang tungkol dito. Talagang takot na takot ako dahil ang alambre ay maaaring lumagpak kahit kanino—kahit sa akin.

Strawberry Fields

Summer is strawberry-picking time for my friends and me. Early in the morning, a bus picks us up in town and takes us to the strawberry fields. We go on miles of dirt roads, then get off at the field we would pick that day. I count the telephone poles along the way to guess how far we are from town.

Picking berries is hard work. Our hands become red, stained by the strawberries. We kneel on the ground all the day in the hot sun. We even eat lunch under the hot sun.

During lunch everybody tries to find some shade. One day, a pick-up truck and a tractor were parked on the dirt road. There was very little shade, so some of us sat in the pick-up while we ate. Larry, a kid I knew at school, found a shady spot by the tractor. The others sat by the roadside or leaned against the telephone poles. We were all eating lunch. Then we heard a snap. A power line broke. It landed on the tractor and made a lot of sparks. Larry screamed really loud for a few seconds. Then it was quiet again.

Everybody ran to the tractor. The men got there first. They kept saying, "Keep away! Don't touch anything!"

One of the men got a long wooden pole from the pick-up. He used it to push Larry out from under the tractor. Larry wasn't moving. "He's dead," someone said.

"Larry's dead," I thought. Everybody was upset. A boy who was bigger than me started to cry. I wanted to go home but the bus wouldn't pick us up till later.

I was thinking about what happened while we worked that afternoon. I wondered if I should tell my mom and dad about it. I got really scared because the wire could've landed on anybody — even me.

Ang Report Kard

"May problema ka, Carol?" tanong sa akin ni Bb. Chan. Nakaupo ako sa aking desk. Nag-aalisan na ang lahat ng mga kamag-aaral ko. Parang ayoko pang umuwi.

"May bumabagabag ba sa iyo?" tanong niyang muli.

"Aalis na ako," sabi ni Lungching. Naiwan kami ni Bb. Chan.

"Ang mga marka ko po, Bb. Chan," sabi ko. Ibinigay sa amin ang aming mga report kard nang araw na iyon.

"Ngunit matataas naman ang marka mo, Carol."

"Gusto ng Nanay at Tatay ko na puro A ang makuha ko. May B ako sa Agham."

"Ang B ay hindi masamang marka," sabi ni Bb. Chan. "Nakakuha ka ng puro A noong nakaraan, hindi ba?"

"Opo. Ngunit gusto nila ay laging A ang makukuha ko."

"Gusto mo ba na laging A ang nakukuha mo?" tanong niya.

"Siyempre po," sabi ko. "Gusto kong ipagmalaki nila ako."

"Ipinagmamalaki ka nila, Carol," sabi ni Bb. Chan. "Magaling kang mag-aaral, ginagawa mo ang iyong trabaho, nag-aaral ka nang mabuti, madali mong natututuhan ang mga bagay. Iyan ang mahalaga, hindi ba?"

"Ewan ko, Bb. Chan." Iniisip ko kung ano ang sasabihin ng Nanay at Tatay ko.

"Walang diperensiya kung makakuha ka man ng isang B," sabi ni B. Chan. "Ipagmamalaki ka pa rin nila."

"Sana nga po," sabi ko. Gumaan nang kaunti ang pakiramdam ko, ngunit nag-aalala pa rin ako tungkol sa daramdamin ng Nanay at Tatay ko.

Nang makauwi ako, iniwan ko ang aking report kard sa mesa ng kusina. Hinintay ko ang Nanay at Tatay ko. Alam ko na tatanungin nila ako tungkol sa aking B sa Agham. Hindi ko tiyak kung dapat kong sabihin sa kanila ang sinabi sa akin ni Bb. Chan.

The Report Card

"What's the matter, Carol?" Ms. Chan asked me. I was sitting at my desk. All my classmates were leaving. I didn't feel like going home.

"Is there something bothering you?" she asked again.

"Bye," Lungching said. Ms. Chan and I were by ourselves.

"It's my grades, Ms. Chan," I said. We got our report cards that day.

"But you did very well, Carol."

"My mom and dad want me to get straight A's," I told her. "I got a B in Science."

"B isn't a bad grade," Ms. Chan said. "You got straight A's last time, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh. But they want me to get A's all the time."

"Do you want to get A's all the time?" she asked.

"Sure," I said. "I want them to be proud of me."

"They are proud of you, Carol," Ms. Chan said. "You're a good student; you do your work, study hard; you learn things quickly. That's what's important, don't you think?"

"I don't know, Ms. Chan." I was thinking of what my mom and dad would say.

"Getting one B should make no difference," Ms. Chan said. "They'll still be proud of you."

"I hope so," I said. I felt a little better, but I was still worried about how my mom and dad would feel.

When I got home, I left my report card on the kitchen table. I waited in my room for my mom and dad to come home. I knew that they'd ask me about the B in Science. I wasn't sure if I should tell them what Ms. Chan told me.

Ang Lumayas

Ate ko si Nancy. Siya ay labing-anim na taong gulang. Lumayas siya ng bahay noong isang buwan. Ngayon ay tumawag siya kay Inay. Sinabi ni Nancy sa kanila na gusto niyang umuwi. Natuwa si Inay, subalit galit si Itay. Masama ang loob nila nang lumayas si Nancy. Hindi nagpaalam si Itay nang siya ay umalis ng bahay.

Sinundo namin ni Inay si Nancy. Sabik akong makita ang aking kapatid. Naisip kong matutuwa siya at nakangiti.

Huminto kami sa isang lumang bahay. Naghintay ako sa kotse samantalang tinungo ni Inay ang pinto. Halos hindi ko nakilala si Nancy nang makita ko siya. Humpak ang kanyang mukha. Mukhang pagod siya. Tumalon ako sa kotse. "Anong nangyari, Nancy?" tanong ko. Hindi siya sumagot. Yumuko siya at nagyakap kami.

"Tayo nang umuwi," ang kanya lamang nasabi.

Sa bahay, ngiti at tawa ang umiral kay Nancy. Nag-usap kami habang kumakain siya sa kusina. Gutom na gutom siya. Sabi niya ay peanut butter sandwich lamang ang kinakain niya araw-araw nang wala siya.

"Araw-araw?" sabi ko. "Yak!" Nagtawanan kami. Ngunit nang umuwi si Itay, pinapunta niya si Nancy sa sala. Takot si Nancy. Mabigat ang loob ni Itay. Naririnig kong sinisigawan ni Itay si Nancy. Pagkatapos isinara ni Inay ang pinto ng kusina at wala na akong narinig.

Runaway

Nancy is my older sister. She is sixteen years old. She ran away from home a month ago. She called Mom today. Nancy told her that she wanted to come home. Mom was happy, but Dad was really angry. They felt very bad when Nancy ran away. Dad didn't say good-bye when he left the house.

Mom and I went to pick her up. I was eager to see my sister. I thought she'd be happy and smiling.

We stopped at an old house. I waited in the car while Mom went to the door. I almost didn't recognize Nancy when I saw her. Her face was so thin. She looked tired. I jumped out of the car. "What happened, Nancy?" I asked. She didn't answer. She reached down and we hugged.

"Let's go home," was all she said.

Back home, Nancy smiled and laughed. We talked while she ate in the kitchen. She was hungry. She said she ate peanut butter sandwiches every day when she was away.

"Every day?" I said. "Yuk!" We laughed. But when Dad came home, he asked Nancy to come into the living room. Nancy was scared. Dad looked serious. I could hear Dad yelling at Nancy. Then Mom shut the kitchen door, and I couldn't hear too much anymore.

Any Pitaka

Nagtungo sa oditoryum ang aming klase para sa isang palatuntunan tungkol kay Martin Luther King. Magkatabi kami ni Alan.

Habang hinihintay namin itong magsimula, may natapakan akong isang bagay sa lapag. Yumuko ako at pinulot ang isang pambabaing pitaka. "Alan, tingnan mo ang napulot ko."

"Kangino iyan?" tanong ni Alan.

Binuksan ko ito. "Kay Jenny Chew," sabi ko. "Siya'y nasa ikalimang baitang. Kilala siya ng kapatid ko."

"Uy, may sampung dolyar," sabi ni Alan. "Paghatian natin."

"Maraming pera ang limang dolyar," sabi ko.

"Talaga," sabi ni Alan. "Maaari natin dalhin sa Lost and Found at sabihin na wala tayong nakitang pera. O kaya, itapon na lang natin."

"Shhh," bulong ni G. Fong, ang aming guro. Napatingin kami ni Alan. Nakatitig sa amin si G. Fong.

"Naku po," naisip ko. "Baka nakita niya ang pitaka." Namula ang mukha ko. Tumingin ako kay Alan. Sumenyas siya na ayos lang ang lahat. Ngunit nanlalamig ako sa upuan ko. Ni hindi ko man lang napapansin ang nangyayari sa tanghalan.

Sa pagwawakas ng pagtitipon, nanawagan si Gng. Olson, ang aming punong-guro. "Nawala ni Jenny Chew ang kanyang pitaka," sabi niya. "Kung may makapulot sa inyo, dalhin lamang sa Lost and Found."

Tila nagliliyab ang pitaka sa kamay ko. Hindi ko alam ang gagawin ko. Gusto ko lang makalabas doon nang mabilis.

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1981-354-737/2666

The Wallet

Today our class went to the auditorium for a program about Martin Luther King. Alan and I sat together.

While we waited for it to start, I stepped on something on the floor. I looked down and picked up a girl's wallet. "Alan, look what I found."

"Whose is it?" Alan asked.

I opened it. "It's Jenny Chew's," I said. "She's in the fifth grade. My sister knows her."

"Look, there's ten dollars in there," Alan said. "We can split it up."

"Five dollars is a lot of money," I said.

"I know," said Alan. "We can bring it to Lost and Found and say we didn't find any money in it. Better yet, let's throw it away."

"Shhh," whispered Mr. Fong, our teacher. Alan and I looked up. Mr. Fong was looking right at us.

"Oh no," I thought. "Maybe he saw the wallet." My face turned red. I looked at Alan. He signalled that everything was okay. But I was frozen in my seat. I didn't even notice what was happening on the stage.

At the end of the assembly, Mrs. Olson, our principal, made an announcement. "Jenny Chew has lost her wallet," she said. "If anyone finds it, please bring it to Lost and Found."

The wallet was burning in my hands. I didn't know what to do. I just wanted to get out of there fast.